

AGENTS

Owing to August Bank Holiday, next week's Double Number will be on sale on Friday.

DOES THE SEASIDE MAKE GIRLS NAUGHTY (See inside.)

PEARSON'S

— £2.000 —

Free Insurance.

WEEKLY.

No. 1203.]

REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION TO CANADA.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 2, 1913.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



STONE'S GINGER WINE



MADE IN ENGLAND

GLOBE METAL POLISH

in Paste & Liquid



Paste :
1d., 2d., 4d.,
and larger tins.

Liquid :
(In Sprinkler-top cans,
which prevent waste).
2d., 6d., 1/-,
and larger sizes.

Of Grocers and Stores
everywhere.

Globe in the home means an extra "help."

It does away with the necessity of polishing your brasses and bright metals so often, for once you have cleaned them with Globe they stay bright ever so much longer than when polished with ordinary polish. And no hard rubbing is needed to get the big Globe shine.

Globe is economical too. Very little is needed, and the sprinkler-top can enables you to get just sufficient liquid. Even if you knock the can over the polish does not run out.

Globe—the British Metal Polish—is made in two forms. Paste and Liquid, identical in their polishing properties.

GLOBE PRIZE SCHEME. Thousands of valuable Prizes are given to users of Globe. Ask your dealer, or send Post-card to RAIMES & CO. LTD., Bow, London, E., for full prize list and particulars.

RAIMES & CO. LTD., BOW, LONDON, E.



**LET US SEND
YOU THIS TUBE
FREE**

**Full Week's Supply of
the New Remedy for
PILES.**

Readers of this paper now have a special opportunity of trying the unique Australian remedy for PILES and other rectal troubles by merely sending 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for the "7-Day free treatment." This offer is made because the proprietors have had such convincing evidence of its remarkable curative properties in Australia that they want to give every sufferer in this country the opportunity of obtaining relief from Pain and Irritation.

This Australian Remedy prevents the use of the surgeon's knife, and the sufferer can try it without inconvenience or discomfort. Think of it! only 2d. in stamps to secure freedom from pain; and directly this healing remedy is applied the almost intolerable itching and irrita-

tion is subdued, and finally vanishes, to be succeeded by a wonderful feeling of relief and comfort. Even if you are told by doctors that an operation is your only remedy—do not despair, but send now and try this treatment, which has cured thousands of the very worst cases.

SEVEN-DAY FREE COUPON.

To L. LOMBIO CO.,
18 Wells St., Oxford St.,
London.

Please send me free your 7-day Australian treatment for Piles, for which I enclose 2d. in stamps for postage and packing.

Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

Address

**PATRONISED BY H.M. THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN.
GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.**

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of *Pearson's Weekly* 2/8 13.

On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of our PRUDENTIAL REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN REVERSIBLE HALF-GUINEA



suitable for Drawing-Room, Dining-Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered in 30 different Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, with thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits.

FREE RUG, With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send TWO CARPETS & TWO RUGS for 10/6

Repeat Orders received from the Royal Palace, Stockholm

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!

With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send TWO CARPETS & TWO RUGS for 10/6

Repeat Orders received from the Royal Palace, Stockholm

5/6

67 Lewin Rd., Streatham Com., S.W., May 10th. **TESTIMONIALS.** Mrs. Margary writes:—"Will be obliged by Messrs. F. Hodgson & Sons, Leeds, sending her another Prudential Brussels Carpet, size 10ft. by 12ft. Cheque enclosed, 11/6." Mrs. Margary states: "I have had several of these carpets during the last sixteen years, and have been very well pleased with them."

Galaxy Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Embroidered Linen, and Cotton Bedspreads, Quilts, Table Linens, Bedsteads, Overmantels, Linoleums, Blankets, Curtains, &c., Post Free, if when writing you mention *Pearson's Weekly*, 2/8 13.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. F.W.) Manufacturers, Importers and Merchants.



RUGS GIVEN AWAY.

NEW DESIGNS.

Repeat Orders received from the Royal Palace, Stockholm

THE BEST HOLIDAY MAGAZINE
IS THE **NOVEL.**

The August number contains stories by well-known writers. Here are four of them

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.
ROBERT BARR.
CLIVE HOLLAND.
R. W. KAUFFMAN.

GET A COPY NOW 4½d.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL BOOKSTALLS.



**Laitova
Lemon Cheese.**

**The daily spread for children's bread.
It saves the butter bill.**

Among all the food dainties known there is none so deliciously appetising, wholesome and strengthening as Laitova.

The ingredients chosen from the purest of farm products are rendered extremely easy of digestion by skilful manufacture, whilst all their body-building properties are retained.

Laitova is the ideal food delicacy when eaten on pastry, bread or in puddings. Try Laitova sandwiches for tea,

Your grocer sells it. In Jars—6½d., 3½d., & 2d.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM LTD., Cornbrook, Manchester.



**KEATING'S
POWDER
KILLS**

BUGS
FLIES
MOTHS
BEETLES

Use 1½, 2½, 6½

AG

Make your own Cigarette it is twice as good

CIGARETTE PAPER

BEST and PURES

FITNESS

In men of all ages. Why not write for my free and get fit by the standard scientific method of NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, LACK OF VIGOR, WASTING, DEBILITY, VARICOCELE, etc. safe, simple. No stomach medicines, no electric treatment. No fatiguing physical exercises. No rules, no change of habits, loss of time or money, but an assured restoration for all men. See what patients say. I send the book and 1,000 test-tubes free in plain envelope for 2 stamps postage. Write this paper. A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 94 Great Russell Street, London, W.C. Established 25 years.

STUDY THE ADVERTISEMENTS

and when writing to Advertisers, mention "Pearson's Weekly."

OUR BANK HOLIDAY DOUBLE NUMBER WILL BE ON SALE NEXT FRIDAY.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 1208.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 2, 1913.

ONE PENNY.

BETTER THAN THE "BIKE."

He was the proud possessor of a twelve-guinea "owner-going-abroad" first-class bicycle, and had noticed two suspicious-looking characters hanging about near the cycle shed. Thinking to be wise in time, he purchased a fine bulldog, which he chained up within easy reach of the shed. But the next morning he was surprised to find the dog missing. A note, hastily scrawled and pinned to the shed, gave him the following information:

"We looked at the blooming bike, guv'nor, but we took the dawg."

Visitor: "Is the boss in?"

Office Boy: "I am very sorry to say he is not in."

Visitor: "Why are you so very sorry?"

Office Boy: "Because it's against my conscience to tell lies."

The Anxious Inquirer (assuming that the Kew Tea Pavilion fire was caused by militant vote-seekers): "Ow did them Suffragettes get into the gardens?"

The Constable: "On the kow tea!"

Gas Works Doctor (medically examining applicant for a job): "Humph! 'Fraid you won't do. Your teeth are too bad."

Amused Applicant: "Teeth too bad! Well, what's it matter? I'm wanting to shovel coke—not chew it!"

THEN HE OBEYED.

As the train whirled through the beautiful valley the inquisitive traveller persisted in sticking his head out of the window to get a better view of the scenery.

"Keep your head inside, can't you?" shouted the guard from the van.

"Why?"

"So's you won't damage any of the ironwork on the bridges."

Roderick: "I've often gone on the stage without a bite to eat."

Anthony: "And come off with enough vegetables to last a month."

Domestic: "There's a gentleman wants to see yer on business."

Master: "Well, ask him to take a chair."

Domestic: "He's taking 'em all, and the table, too. He comes from the furniture shop."

Jones: "My wife and I suffer from alternate insomnia."

Brown: "Alternate insomnia! What is that?"

Jones: "Whichever gets to sleep first keeps the other awake all night."

Uncle: "Ah, my boy, when I was your age I also had waves in my hair."

Nephew (surveying bald pate of uncle): "Oh, yes, I quite believe it. The tide is out just now, eh?"

PUT HER FOOT IN IT.

Mrs. Bigg: "Jane, wasn't that gentleman asking for me?"

Jane: "No, mum; he said as the lady he wanted to see was about forty, and I said it couldn't be you."

Mrs. Bigg: "Quite right, Jane; you shall have the afternoon off."

Jane: "Yes, mum, thank you, mum; I said it couldn't be you, as you was about fifty."

Mrs. Bigg: "And while you're out you can look for a new situation."

INQUISITIVE WILLIE.

LITTLE WILLIE was playing in the garden, when he happened to notice that the blinds were drawn down in the next house.

"Mother," said Willie, "why are the blinds down in Mrs. Freeman's house?"

"Only to keep out the sun," said she.

A few days later Willie's mother informed him that Mrs. Brown had got a son. After thinking deeply for a few minutes, Willie said:

"Seems to me, mother, it wasn't much good keeping the blinds down!"

Customer (seeing a hair on the butter): "Waiter, tell the proprietor that I prefer my butter bald!"

Eggsby (the actor): "Yes, my friend, I, too, have seen the shells bursting!"

The Soldier: "Yes; eggshells from the gallery, I suppose!"

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

A YOUNG city swank, while taking his holidays in the country, met an old man driving a flock of sheep, and wishing to show off a bit, said: "Now, if I were a shepherd, I would teach the sheep to follow me."

"Oh, ay, an' I've no doubt you would manage it, too, for if the beasts saw another sheep in front they would be sure to follow."

Marie: "When you spoke to papa did you tell him you had £100 in the bank?"

Tom: "I did."

Marie: "And what did he say?"

Tom: "He borrowed it."

Little Bessie: "How will I know when I'm naughty?"

Mother: "Your conscience will tell you, dear."

Little Bessie: "I don't care about what it tells me—will it tell you?"

Nurse: "Oh, you wicked boy to give the baby blotting-paper to eat!"

Boy: "Well, I thought that was the best thing to give him, because he has just swallowed half a bottle of ink!"

FOR HE WAS A WISE MOTORIST.

"Brown," said De Whizz to his chauffeur before he started on his motor run, "have you oiled the machine thoroughly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure, Brown?"

"Yes, sir, I have filled the spring cups and the engine reservoir, and I have greased the con-rod-a-piston, the pluribus unum, the exhaust pipe, the muffled tread, the thingummybob, the rigamajig, and both the hot-boxes."

"Are those all the parts you have oiled, Brown?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have forgotten the most important place of all. Take the can and squirt a few drops of oil on the licence number, so that the dust will collect on it and make it hard to read. Always remember to lubricate the licence number, Brown."

Papa: "Well, Johnny, you went to church this morning?"

Johnny: "Yes, papa."

Papa: "How do you like the sermon?"

Johnny: "The beginning was good, and the end was good, but there was too much middle in it, papa."

Newsboy: "Great mystery; fifty victims! Paper, mister?"

Passer-by: "Here, boy, I'll take one."

Passer-by (after reading a moment): "Here, boy, there's nothing of the kind in this paper. Where is it?"

Newsboy: "That's the mystery, guv'nor. You're the fifty-first victim!"

PAPA PAID.

"LITTLE boy," remarked the well-meaning reformer, "is that your mamma over yonder with the beautiful set of furs?"

"Yes, sir," answered the bright lad.

"Well, do you know what poor animal it is that has had to suffer in order that your mamma might have the furs with which she adorns herself so proudly?"

"Yes, sir; my papa."



AT THE CINEMA.

Frightened Yokel (who has ventured into a picture palace for the first time): "I think it's about time I clexed off. I didn't pay threepence to be eaten alive by a wild beast."

Patient: "Say, that isn't the tooth I want pulled."

Dentist: "Never mind, I'm coming to it."

Jimmy: "This paper says if you smoke cigarettes it changes your complexion."

Eddy: "That's right. I am always tanned when I get caught smoking them."

JUST IN CASE.

TOMMY had been forbidden to go swimming, and on coming home with unmistakable signs of having been in the water, received a severe scolding.

Tommy: "But I was tempted so badly, mother."

Mother: "That is all very well; but how did you come to have your bathing suit with you?"

Tommy: "Well, mother, I took my bathing suit with me, thinking I might be tempted!"

Look out for the splendid new serial, "A Queen of Thieves," in next week's PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" "To buy HOME NOTES, sir," she said.

through it and plunged into the shrubbery. It was a dark night. The officers could see nothing of him when they followed. He wriggled along through the shrubbery, darted over the flower-beds, and shot out of the gates. He was on the road. It is surprising what speed fear will lend to an elderly gentleman!

But whither was he going? He didn't stop to think of that. His sole idea was to evade capture. He tumbled twice and bounded over a hedge with an agility which would have astounded himself at a normal juncture. Then, overcome by exhaustion, he sank on his knees. A whitish erection loomed dimly before him in the darkness. It was Sowerbury's waxworks.

The show was closed and in darkness, but a faint light gleamed from a caravan near by. Mr. Sowerbury crawled towards the vehicle. It was desperate hope to appeal to his nephew. But he was desperate, and had no one else to turn to.

His knocking at the door did not arouse the soiled youth, who, doubtless spent by his mental efforts, slumbered like a dormouse in a hanging-basket under the caravan. But Percy was not asleep and opened the door.

"Uncle! My stars!" In hurried sentences the banker explained the situation. Percy whistled softly.

"I don't see what I can do," he said. "If the beggars come here they'll turn the van inside out in next to no time. Same with the show. Besides, why should I trouble? I'm the wronged heir, and—"

"It's ruin if I've to go to prison!" panted Mr. Sowerbury. "I'm an old man, Percival! Perhaps—perhaps I've not treated you too well; but you don't want to see me disgraced and broken? I'm your father's brother, too!"

Percy was not hard-hearted. His uncle's voice had broken. Mr. Sowerbury had lost all his dignity and looked very miserable.

"I'd like to help you, uncle," Percy said, after pondering; "but I'm hanged if I see how to do it. As I've told you, those fellows will turn me inside out. And—Ah, I wonder? I jolly well wonder if it would work?"

Without another word of explanation at the moment he leaped down the caravan steps and dragged his astounded relation towards the tent. Percy lit a dark-lantern and pointed toward the effigy of Captain Kidd.

"Hurry up, uncle!" he said. "Change clothes! It's your only chance!"

The banker recoiled. His pride made him forget his danger for a second.

"Never!" he gasped. "I will never submit to such a degradation. It is absolutely useless also. These men are not likely to come here. They know nothing of our relationship."

"That's where you make the mistake, uncle," his nephew informed him coolly. "They've been here once. They looked in their way to the station before I shut up. They seemed rather to fancy Captain Kidd, and said they thought you might have been backing me up as one of the family! They're bound to come here after you now!"

Percy was right. Messrs. Craggs and Brittles arrived, panting and enraged, within less than ten minutes. They had to knock a remarkably sleepy Percy Sowerbury up in the caravan, and after they had literally pulled everything out of this vehicle in a vain search, it was with an uncommonly dim lantern that Percy obeyed their orders to conduct them into the show. Here, too, they searched diligently, but could see no trace of the fugitive.

Before leaving in disgust Craggs paused before the effigy of Captain Kidd. The image had a remarkably stony appearance and the eyes looked bulgy.

"I don't think much of that," remarked Craggs, with contempt. "It wants a touch of reality. It's not got the old chap's artfulness and swank about it!"

Defeated, the officers withdrew. Percy accompanied them to the door. He returned, and, gazing sternly at Captain Kidd, shook a warning finger. He waited for a couple of minutes before he nodded.

"I think it's all right now, uncle," he said. "It was jolly lucky they didn't ask to look inside the box where I've got your clothes and the wrecks of my best figure!"

Mr. Sowerbury staggered from his place amidst the images. He was trembling violently, and his brow was dank with sweat, which Craggs had supposed was the natural effects of hot night air on wax.

"You have saved me, Percival!" he confessed hoarsely. "But it was a frightful ordeal. I felt that I must sneeze or die! And the strain was agony!"

"All right now, uncle!" consoled his nephew. "I don't think they'll come back."

Nor did the officers return. They spent the remainder of the night in a hunt round the neighbourhood, and went so far that they failed to get back in time to watch the train to London in the morning. Into that train Mr. Sowerbury dived. He reached London and sent Carter off post-haste to pay the debt into Court before the vindictive Poynder & Co. could take further measures for his arrest.

Mr. Sowerbury's bank weathered the storm safely. The banker showed his gratitude to Percy so handsomely that the waxwork show was smashed up.

GAMES' "GOOD FORM."

If You Want to be a "Perfect" Sportsman Read This Article.

THE other day an American golfer scandalised the English golfing world by appearing, not only in the club-house, but also on the links in his shirt-sleeves.

The club at which he—unconsciously, doubtless—made this unusually attired appearance is situated near London, and according to several London golf club secretaries his lapse was bad golf "form."

"We have no rule binding members not to play unless wearing a jacket, but it is understood that



Whatever you do when you golf, don't play without your coat.

it is not the correct thing," said one secretary; and "Playing without a coat would be voted bad form among our members, and a visitor playing in his shirt-sleeves would have his attention drawn to the club's custom," remarked another.

So whatever you do when you golf, don't attempt to play without your coat.

And golf is not the only game with sartorial pitfalls for the unwary or the beginner; practically every form of athletic sport has its unwritten dress laws which must be conformed to if you wish to escape adverse criticism concerning your clothes.



The "perfect" cricketer should appear in whites. His sleeves should be rolled up and the top button of his shirt undone. Here you see the correct and the incorrect wearing apparel.

There are several thousand shalts-nots for the cricketer, for instance. First of all, in good company, at any rate, he must be dressed in all white; to appear in a variegated costume of, say, white shirt and dark trousers would be the height of bad form.

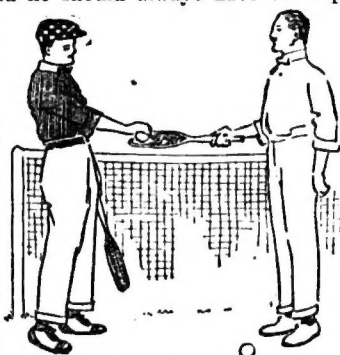
This is, in a way, curious; for at Harrow a white shirt and dark grey flannels are the regulation cricket costume for part of the school. But there it is.

Belts &c. also taboo in good cricket circles. You must either keep your trousers up by a strap at the back or else by a club sash.

Another thing that no cricketer should do is to wear a tie; and he should always have the top button of his shirt undone and his sleeves rolled up.

When you go out to play lawn tennis there are several things you must remember about your dress.

Like the cricketer you must be arrayed in white; your shirt, trousers, and boots must be of that colour.



It is also bad form at tennis to wear mixed clothes. Spiked boots are barred, and, if you wear a bow, it must be a light-coloured one. Ties are barred.

You may wear a narrow belt or a sash round your waist, if you like, but if you put a tie round your neck it must be a light-coloured bow one—the ordinary long shaped tie of everyday wear is utterly barred. Boots or shoes with spikes or nails are, of course,

Good and bad form for boaters. Don't forget to leave your braces at home.



forbidden; and your footwear must be rubber-soled, both for your own sake and the sake of the court.

When you go on the river leave your braces at home. No one can handle an oar or a punt pole comfortably with braced shoulders and back—besides, braces on the river are very bad form. A soft collar and a tie should always be worn when you are on the river with womenfolk.

No footballer, unless he be a goalkeeper, should ever go on the field in a cap. A cap on the football field, unless under the crossbar, is not only unnecessary and a nuisance, but it is also bad form.

No footballer with any respect for himself or his side would ever turn out in socks instead of stockings, and if he wears shin-guards he must have them hidden away in his hose. Shin-guards outside stockings look horrible.

And football shorts must not be too short. A few years ago a number of professional players became so addicted to wearing shorts that were little better than bathing drawers that the Football Association very rightly stepped in and commanded that nether garments of, at any rate, a decent length must be donned in future by players under its sway.

Nothing is worse football form than a pair of shorts that come only half-way down the thigh.



The gentleman at football does not turn out in socks, shin-guards, and knickers that are almost indecently short.

Nothing is worse football form than a pair of shorts that come only half-way down the thigh.

Nothing is worse football form than a pair of shorts that come only half-way down the thigh.

"SAY, old man," began Robinson, "lend me your ear for a while, will you?"

"My friend," replied Wise, shrewdly suspecting a touch, "I'd gladly lend you both of them; then I wouldn't be able to hear you ask me to lend you anything!"

FAIR MAIDEN: "Your eggs are all very small today, Mr. Short."

Mr. Short: "Yes'm, they are, but I'm sure I don't know the reason."

Fair Maiden: "Oh, I expect you took them out of the nests too soon."

UNCALLED FOR.

He had asked an unsuspecting friend to take a cross-country walk, and had picked a route that ran through the long-unvisited scenes of his childhood. His fond recollection presented every last one of them to view—the orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood, and every loved spot which his infancy knew.

Finally he pointed to a very small mud pond. "Would you believe it, when I was a boy I used to bathe in that mud-hole?"

"Yes," answered his friend wearily, "and it doesn't look as though they had changed the water since."

Where Police are Walking Arsenals



A LARGE metal shield may be worn by policemen in the future when dealing with armed burglars. For some months past Scotland Yard has been testing and experimenting with various types of bullet-proof shields

which will protect the head and body of a constable and at the same time allow him to use a revolver effectively.

The necessity for these police shields arises from the many cases during the past few years in which policemen have been entirely at the mercy of armed criminals and madmen shooting under cover. Since 1908 over ninety police officers have been shot at, of whom six were killed and twenty-four injured.

Great Britain is one of the very few countries which does not regularly arm its policemen with something more effective than a baton, though every officer has the right to carry a revolver if he thinks that he is in danger of his life. It is very rarely, however, that the ordinary constable asks for firearms.

The French police have been armed ever since they existed with swords as well as pistols, though they are rarely called upon to use their weapons. They have orders, however, to shoot if they are shot at, orders they have no hesitation in obeying when dealing with the desperate apaches, of which there are 60,000 in Paris alone.

New York bobbies carry two big army revolvers in their coat-tail pockets, as well as a huge truncheon, usually called a "night-stick," which they twist continually in their right hand, ready for any emergency. Revolver practice is part of the training of every American policeman. The New York "night-stick" is capable of crushing at a single blow even a negro's thick skull.

The most heavily armed of all policemen are those of Jericho, in Palestine, who are veritable walking arsenals. Over their shoulders and around their waists they carry a bigger supply of cartridges than Tommy Atkins in war time. It is a poor look-out for an obstreperous prisoner there.

A CLERGYMAN having advertised for an organist, received the reply: "Dear Sir,—I notice you have a vacancy for an organist and choirmaster, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I beg to apply for the position."

"Was your love affair romantic?"

"Oh, very! I met Percy at the seaside. We both pretended to be very rich."
"And now it turns out that he collects the payments on our piano."

DRUNK ON STRAWBERRIES.

THOSE who cannot resist the temptation of too many strawberries should not be surprised if they are attacked with "fruit drunkenness," for it is an extraordinary fact that the excessive eating of strawberries often results in many of the sensations connected with alcohol attacking the eater. These symptoms consist of giddiness, headache, blurred sight, and occasionally double vision.

For strawberries contain far more acid than most of the other fruits in season at the same time, and this juice acts very quickly on the nervous system, especially in the case of stout and full-blooded people. Excessive rhubarb-eating can also produce symptoms of intoxication, owing to the excess of oxalic acid which lurks in this fruit.

But this is only one of many ways in which symptoms of drunkenness can be developed, apart from excess of alcohol. It is quite possible to become temporarily intoxicated by excess of emotion, whether it be sorrow, joy, or music.

The explanation is that deep emotion deranges the nerve centres which are thrown out of unison with each other, so that such actions as walking and talking become difficult. An invalid who lives on diet for some considerable time, and then suddenly has a huge meal, can quite easily get symptoms of drunkenness on a chop or steak.

Strong coffee on an empty stomach also produces results similar to alcohol, whilst the fumes of turpentine are very liable to render you light-headed. Recently six men were reduced to a rolling condition whilst unloading a cargo of this spirit from a barge at Bristol.

The SUR—PRIZES Column.

Shaving Glasses, Hand Mirrors, Stylo Pens, and Postal Orders Offered this Week.

This is Simple.

TAKE any three complete lines out of the reading or advertisement matter of this week's number of *Pearson's Weekly* and make a sentence out of them. The order of the words in each sentence must not be altered. Give the numbers of the page, column, and lines chosen.

For the ten best sentences I will give Stylo Pens. Mark postcards "Complete." See conditions below.

What Happened to Jones' Hat?

I want a parody on "Mary had a little lamb." It should be only four lines in length and should begin "Jones, he bought a new straw hat." For the ten best parodies I will give Combined Shaving Mirrors and Hand Glasses. Mark postcards "Straw." See conditions below.

Summer Sale Contest.

Summer sales are always exciting affairs. I want a funny description of a sale, the funnier the better. For the five funniest descriptions in not more than thirty words I will give 5s. Postal Orders. Mark postcards "Sale." See conditions below.

In next week's Sur-prize contests we are offering some novel prizes.

For the ladies there will be Bows and Belts.

The gentlemen will receive Sock Suspenders, Braces, Ties, and Belts.

RULES FOR THE SUR—PRIZES COLUMN CONTESTS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
2. You may take part in any number of these surprise column competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.
3. Each postcard must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
4. Each competitor must give his or her real address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
5. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. Provided these conditions are fulfilled all the postcards may be sent in one envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.
6. All attempts must arrive not later than Tuesday, Aug. 5.
7. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes announced, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.
8. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and where the awards are gifts, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

RESULTS OF FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

"COOKERY" CONTEST.

Five maniere acts were offered to lady readers who contributed the best short phrases likely to draw the attention of non-readers to the merits of our publication, *Home Cookery*. The following were the prize winners:
Miss K. Barstow, Wood View, Blatchley; Mrs. L. Finch, 66 King Edward Rd., Coventry; Miss M. Shaw, 151 Tufnell Park Rd., N.; Mrs. F. L. Sleight, Acrise School, Folkestone; Miss R. L. Wherry, Eton Lodge, Colombarie, Jersey.

"COAT" CONTEST.

For the best designs for a coat of arms suitable for Mr. P. Doubleyou, prizes of five half-crown postal orders were offered, and these were won by:

W. E. W. Blencowe, 8 Richmond Terr., Kingsland Rd., Salisbury; F. Owen, 8 Grange St., Burton-on-Trent; A. Smith, 13 Cambridge Rd., Fleetville, St. Albans; B. Whittaker, "Poplars," Black Rd., Macclesfield; J. Williams, 8 Fulham Rd., Parkhill, Birmingham.

"BODKIN" CONTEST.

The question set for solution by lady readers was, "Why is a bodkin like a strawberry tart?" and this was best answered by the following, to whom the prizes of five glove and button hooks have been awarded:

Mrs. C. Brown, 68 West Regent St., Glasgow; Miss J. Davies, 8 Ferry Rd., Penryn; Mrs. B. Gibson, 35 Dorset St., Hull; Mrs. Nash, 134 Melior Rd., Thornton Heath; Miss E. M. Price, Healaugh, Richmond, Yorks.

"DOZEN" CONTEST.

Prizes of combined hand and shaving mirrors were offered for the five best descriptions of the issue of *Pearson's Weekly* dated July 5, in twelve words. The following were the winners:

Mrs. P. King, 38 Commercial St., Brandon Celliary; D. McLaren, Viewbank Cottage, Montrose Rd., Forfar, N.B.; W. E. Marrian, Thornton, Temple Rd., Crichelewood; S. S. Miller, 1 Kingsdown Ave., Ealing, W.; G. Ramsay, 203 Crow Rd., Partick, Glasgow.

"SPOKEN" CONTEST.

Readers were asked to form sentences, each successive word to contain one additional letter, as in "I am not very plain spoken." The winners of the five glove and button hooks offered for the best sentences were the following:

T. Cheesbrough, Netherfield, Notts.; W. Christall, 123 Medlock St., Kirkdale, Liverpool; A. Leighton, 57 Gladstone Rd., Watford, Herts.; J. W. Naylor, Controller's Office, London Postal Service, G.P.O.; A. Timons, 5 Midland Forge Cottage, Metherham.

Moulder wins Big Prize

How a 12s. a Week Man Carried Off the First Prize in "Middles."



THE winner of £3 a week in "Middles," No. 71, lives 500 miles away from the offices of *Pearson's Weekly*, and it took Mr. P. Doubleyou over ten hours, travelling at express speed all the way, to find him.

He is Mr. James R. Spence, of 48 Leonard Street, Arbroath, Scotland. Mr. Spence, who has only just turned twenty, is an apprentice moulder, and is full of ambition, attending evening classes in order to learn as much of his trade as possible and make himself a master of it.

"It has come as an immense surprise to me," he said to Mr. P. Doubleyou, "and, I may add, an immense help. I am an apprentice, and I have still three years to serve. As I am only getting 12s. a week, you can easily realise what £3 a week means to me. Why, *Pearson's Weekly* has multiplied my salary by five straight away!

"I can't possibly tell you how useful the money will be to me. Naturally, it is hard to make both ends meet on 12s. a week—even in Scotland!

"This is only the second prize I have ever won in my life. I have entered 'Middles' for seven months now, and my first prize was a consolation of 10s. shortly after I began to enter.

"How do I think out my 'Middles'? I don't know that I have any particular method. I look through the list of words and any which strike my fancy I make a note of and think them over in my spare time. I was thinking over the word 'provoking,' and it suddenly struck me how provoking it would be if a dwarf in a show suddenly started growing. From that to 'Provoking—Professional Dwarf Growing' was simple.

"I am one of a family of five, four boys and one girl," added Mr. Spence. "We are all young, and we were left without a mother, so as we are not all earning, the £3 a week will prove a godsend to us in more than one way."

The first prize in "Middles" this week is £250. You will find full particulars on page 168.

"That hat makes you look quite pretty."
"Yes! Won't you try it on?"

MOTHER: "You know, you'll be ill if you have any more cake!"

Tommy: "All right, mummy. Give me one more piece, and send for the doctor."

THE FARE: "But, my good man, it's barely a mile as the crow flies."

Growler: "That ain't nothin' ter go by. This 'ere's a cab, not a bloomin' airplane."

THE ORCHID THIEF IS ABOUT.

A WELL-known orchid fancier recently refused to exhibit one of his choicest blooms at a northern flower show, as he intimated that on former occasions his plants had been the prey of the show thief. At first sight one might well imagine that this grower feared that his pet blooms would be stolen bodily from the exhibition hall, or be cut off with knife or scissors by a disappointed rival. But it was not the thief in the night that this way exhibitor feared, but the individual who is known in horticultural circles as the "anther sneak."

Most orchids have a little bag in their centre known as the anther, containing the fertilising material which, when mixed with a similar matter on another flower, forms the valuable seeds which often produce the curiously-marked and coloured orchids that sell for hundreds of pounds.

This anther the show thief skillfully nips off with his finger-nail, especially grown long for the purpose, whilst apparently examining the centre of the bloom. He carries this seed ball on his nail, for it is very tiny, until he has an opportunity of secreting it in a box. Then he takes it home, and mixes its products with those of another orchid, and very probably gets a flower surpassing even the one he despoiled.

The success of these freak blooms largely depends on the quality of the pollen which instigates their growth, and thus the flower-show thief always has his eye on the valuable specimens, for if he can manage to confiscate the fertilising material that produce, there is every possibility that he may produce a rarity worth hundreds.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner—reading the SCOUT, the best paper for boys.



Yankee Theatre Methods

About the "Revue" Novelties Which, Originated by American Stage Managers, Have Found Their Way Over to England.

For the present moment America seems to have taken complete possession of the English music-halls and theatres. Hundreds of her artistes are busily engaged making dollars over here; and, in addition to this great importation of talent, Yankee methods are also very much in evidence.

Americans are the finest masters of stage-craft, and they often pay a great deal more attention to stage machinery than they do to the plot or book of a piece. Good stage effects are perhaps just as successful in the end, for they very often hide the imperfections of a play itself.

In the "revue," the very latest form of entertainment, which originally came from France, many startling innovations have been introduced, mainly the ideas of American producers. One of these ideas, borrowed from Max Reinhardt, is for practically the whole of the entrances to the stage to be made from the front of the house.

A large platform is erected, leading from the far end of the auditorium to the stage, and by means of this all the performers reach the stage. The stage at one time may be set to represent a market place in Turkey. Then the chorus girls, dressed in the costumes of dancers, ladies of the harem, and so on, proceed to the stage by way of the platform.

The audience is thus treated to a very close view of the "beauty chorus," which is, by the way, a feature of nearly all revues.

Theatres, of course, benefit very largely by this innovation, because many of the "young bloods"

attend time and again in order to see their favourites. It is also a source of delight to ladies, for they are able to view the smart and expensive costumes, in the special "dress parades," so much better.

Very often people leave their seats in order to obtain a closer view of the processions, and the crush is sometimes so great in the gangway that special attendants have to be stationed to keep the crowd back.

Needless to say Reinhardt's bright idea of the auditorium gangway has been extensively copied, and a variety theatre which does not boast such a platform is the exception.

A performer, for instance, may be singing on the stage, when a scuffle is heard at the end of the theatre, and another comedian is seen pushing his way past an attendant. The comedian then apologises from the floor of the house for being late, and joins his partner on the stage. It is, of course, only a ruse to make a little extra excitement. An idea on these lines was recently adopted at the London Alhambra, with great success.

Another popular introduction to these shores is what is known as the "black-faced artist." This type of comedian, whose speciality is talking to the audience in a very simple sort of way about family matters, is the most popular of any comedian in the States. The "black-faced artist" never talks to the audience direct, he always has a confederate in the orchestra, and to this obliging gentleman he confides all his troubles.

His patter as a rule goes something like this:

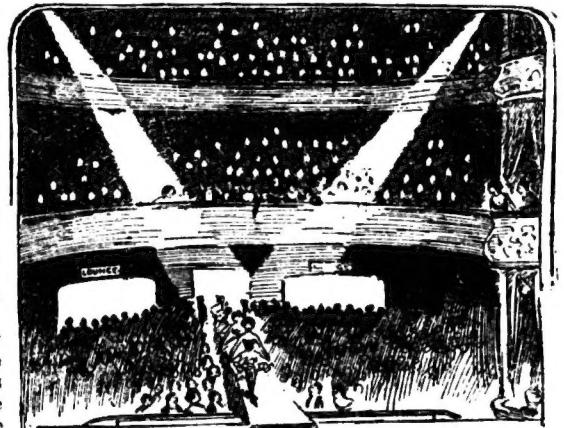
"To-night, Ernest, I'm going to call on my girl. It's my regular night, and she'll have the sofa all dusted off for me. Her old man's awful fussy. He makes me put a penny in the meter every time the light burns low; says he can't see my gas at all. Then he says it's all right for me to stick around as long as I want to, but I've got to stop taking the morning paper with me when I go. He just won't be reasonable, somehow. I hope you'll bear up with me, Ernest, when I tell you my Uncle

Jawge is inclined to drink—especially after he's had a dozen or so. He's stood and watched barmaids for hours at a time, and although he may drink, I don't want you to think, Ernest, that he drinks all the time. I've seen him sleep." And so on.

Another favourite trick of the "black-faced" artist is to come on while the stage is being prepared for a big scene and proceed to give the whole show away. "The hero and heroine are not really in love with one another," he says; "they only pretend to be because the play was written that way."

It is only quite recently that this type of comedian has been introduced into this country. English audiences, however, have taken a great liking to him, and all the best and most highly paid have been sent over in order to supply the demand.

As might be imagined, American ideas in regard to the theatre are very expensive, and at present well over £1,000 a week must be taken at the doors of every revue theatre in order to pay for them.



STAGE

At nearly all London variety houses most of the entrances are made from the front of the house. This picture shows the platform by which the entrance is made. It is elevated just above the heads of the ground floor audience. People often leave their seats to get a better view of the chorus girls.

NOT A SOUL ON BOARD.

Some of the Most Curious Problems in the World Are About Ships That Vanish—Some For No Reason at All.

A COURT of inquiry has just decided that it can make little of the tragic puzzle of the *Mountsward*, a big steamer which left Baltimore some months ago to cross the Atlantic, and was never seen again.

As the pilot was going ashore outside Baltimore he carried with him a letter the captain had asked him to post to his wife in England. This letter contained the ominous sentence, "Goodness knows if we shall ever see England again."

But why they did not nobody will ever know.

The most curious of all sea stories, in fact one of the most amazing mysteries in history, is that of the ship *Marie Celeste*, which sailed some years ago from Boston to the Mediterranean with thirteen souls on board, including the captain's wife and little daughter.

Just when she was beginning to be regarded as missing she was found a hundred miles west of Gibraltar. The sea was as calm as a mill-pond. Every sail was set, but there was not a living soul on board. She was found to be perfectly water-tight and with ample stores. The log showed that she had met excellent weather all the way across.

An Egg Just About to be Eaten.

In the cabin a half-finished meal was on the table, with the chairs slightly pushed back. The captain had evidently just knocked the top off a boiled egg when he suddenly left the room for ever.

A nightgown for the little girl was on the sewing machine, with the sleeve half-sewn. The crew's quarters showed no sign of a struggle either, only of a departure so swift that everybody had left the ship in the clothes he stood up in.

The problem has been the talk of deep sea sailors ever since. What possible situation or incident could have made those on board the *Marie Celeste* leave her so suddenly? And how did they leave at all? For all the boats were still on board. The captain's watch was still ticking just above his bunk, so that the tragedy, whatever it was, must have happened just before the ship was found.

Piracy cannot be the explanation, for the ship's

money-box was found to be untouched, as well as the valuable cargo, jewellery and loose cash which were lying about. There was no starvation. There cannot have been any mysterious infectious disease, for the medicine chest had been hardly touched at all. Besides, the cabin table showed that all the disappearances must have been simultaneous.

The idea that some member of the crew developed homicidal mania and hurled the others overboard and then committed suicide is also out of the question, for there were no signs of violence anywhere. The ship, too, was as tight as a barrel when found and with not a rope out of place.

At first it was rumoured that blood had been found on the ship's side, and on the captain's cutlass. But why anyone who used a cutlass should hang it up again neatly on its nail was not explained. And scientific evidence proved the stains to be only rust.

Found after Eighteen Months.

Another strange case was that of the *Strathmore*, a steamer which was mourned as missing for months. She and her crew of thirty-eight, with fifteen passengers, had vanished. Memorial services were held for them. A year later half of them turned up. They were found on a desert island in the straits of Magellan, where they had been cast up with nothing but a few knives and forks and some parasols. These parasols, curious as it may seem, came in very handy. The ironwork was used as needles for sewing skins into clothes.

But when old salts talk of the *Strathmore* case they shake their heads gravely over the name, as they do over the fact that the people on the *Marie Celeste* numbered thirteen. A *Strathmore* is regarded as doomed from the day she leaves the shipbuilding yard. There have been at least six steamers of that name and every one has had a career of repeated disaster ending in shipwreck.

Another "unlucky" ship was the *Daphne*, which on the day she was launched at Glasgow turned turtle and drowned 124 people. After several more disasters she was sold under another name. Still bad luck pursued her, and finally she was posted missing in the Eastern Mediterranean. It is on record that several steamers positively refused to go and look for her.

But all cases of missing ships do not end in

tragedy. A Norwegian barque, the *Ivea*, passed the Old Head of Kinsale in Ireland on New Year's Day in 1890. She actually managed to spend the next fifty days knocking about between the English and Irish coasts, unnoticed, before finding an English port. But she did get into Portland at last, much to the glee of the underwriters.

A LITTLE boy, whose father was a professor, was looking at the ceiling very solemnly, when all at once he called out:

"Father, there's a big blue fly on the ceiling."

"Put your foot on it and don't disturb me," said the learned father absent-mindedly as he busied himself in his studies.

THE KING'S CONSENT.

"THE King has gladly given his consent to the marriage of Prince Arthur of Connaught with the Duchess of Fife."

Since very early times it has been necessary for members of the Royal family to obtain the King's consent to their marriages. Henry VII. made it high treason for any man to marry one of his royal relations without his royal licence.

It was King George III., however, who made the King's consent necessary under the law of the land, as a result of his son, the Duke of Cumberland, marrying Mrs. Horton.

Under that act the King can not only refuse to allow his children or grandchildren to marry whom they please, but he can forbid the marriage of his brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and their descendants to any number of generations.

The royal consent is only absolutely necessary under the age of twenty-five. Prince Arthur of Connaught could have married the Duchess of Fife in defiance of the King's wishes if he had so chosen. But he would have to give twelve months' notice to the Privy Council, and his marriage would then have been legal unless both Houses of Parliament raised objections.

It will be remembered that the King's consent was necessary for the marriage of Prince Ernest of Cumberland to the daughter of the Kaiser. This was because Prince Ernest is a descendant of George II., all of whose descendants come under the Royal Marriage Act.



Appearances are Deceptive

The Story of
a Bold
Attempt to
Smuggle
Some Gems
Past the
Customs.

By MURIEL C. LINDSAY.

THE Purple Cloud Liner, "Magnific," was three days out on her voyage, and the weather being unusually mild and calm for the time of year, her passengers, chiefly Americans returning from fresh conquests and purchases in "Yurope," were enjoying the trip.

Chief amongst them was the widow of the multi-millionaire, Mrs. Euphemia S. Van Dyker, a tall, thin, arrogant-looking woman, dressed in the forefront of fashion, with a hard, restless eye and a close, mean mouth. She was well known for one of New York's most lavish and freakish entertainers, and it was widely rumoured on board that she was returning with a wardrobe calculated to turn every woman in her exclusive extravagant set bilious with envy, and also that she was the possessor of the famous Kaliputh emeralds.

Nearly everybody knows the story of these world-renowned jewels, and the tale of disaster and ruin the possession of them has caused.

Stolen from an Indian shrine, where they incircled the neck of the goddess Kali, symbol of murder, revenge, and everything bloodthirsty, they were brought to Europe, and caused ruin everywhere. Then, for some time, they vanished, finally reappearing in the possession of a titled English family of high rank, who, after a period of storm and stress, were glad to dispose of them to the wealthy American.

Mrs. Van Dyker professed herself superior to mere superstition, deciding that the honour the jewels would confer on her far outbalanced their unseemly reputation, if, indeed, it did not add lustre to them, and looked forward to a more than usually successful season on her return.

But the most popular person on board was, strange to say, a little red-haired English girl, Martha Timmins by name, in charge of two spoilt precocious American children.

She was a bright-faced, sunny-tempered creature, an excellent sailor and always ready to do a kindness to anyone. She would have been pretty but for her untidy, aggressively red hair and freckly skin, and the fact that she was slightly deformed, one shoulder being higher than the other; also, she limped a little.

She was quite frank about her position, making no secret of the fact that she was simply a governess going to a situation in America; and as her deck chair was not far from Mrs. Van Dyker's, that lady could not help hearing what the clear young voice was saying, gradually becoming acquainted with her unpretentious history.

She was an orphan, obliged to earn her own living, and had, through the kindness of Mrs. Eustis, mother of the children, secured an extremely lucrative position as nursery governess to a wealthy Bostonian, and as a slight return for the trouble she had taken over it, was looking after Mrs. Eustis' girls during the voyage. She did not specially want to come to America, but, with a sigh and a rising blush, beggars could not be choosers, and she would be able to save ever so much towards her—her marriage.

"Oho!" remarked the interested listener, a Mrs. Crouch; "so you are engaged, are you?"

"Yes," with a demure lowering of white lids over grey-blue eyes; "and when Edward and I have saved £500 between us. . . But I'm afraid it will take a very long time before we get it. Oh, dear!"—with a plaintive little laugh—what a curse the lack of money is, isn't it? I believe I'd do anything so as to get some."

They chatted a little longer and then Miss Timmins declared she must attend to her charges. Mrs. Van Dyker looked after the slight figure limping up the deck, a sudden plan forming itself in her shrewd, scheming brain.

Mrs. Euphemia Van Dyker, millionairess and social leader, was only lavish when it paid her to be so, her careful nature sorely begrudged the outlay of unnecessary dimes and cents, and the fact that she would have to pay some thousands of dollars duty on the Kaliputh emeralds poisoned the well of her satisfaction in owning them.

She wanted to evade the Customs, and now she believed she saw a way.

The first thing was to find Miss Timmins alone, and that was not so easy, as when not in attendance on the children she was generally in the thick of the social life on board. But this afternoon chance favoured her—she found the little governess in a quiet corner of the deserted library, busily writing, presumably to Edward.

"I hope I don't disturb you, Miss Timmins?" began Mrs. Van Dyker graciously, as she seated herself beside the girl. "But I would so much like to have a few moments' conversation with you."

Miss Timmins promptly put aside her writing and turned to her interrupter with a frank and winning smile.

"It is very kind of you," she murmured shyly.

"Miss Timmins, I could not help overhearing what you said this morning to Mrs. Crouch," began Mrs. Van Dyker, going straight to the point, "that you would do anything to obtain some money. Would you like to earn one, perhaps two, hundred pounds?"

Miss Timmins' eyes widened as she ejaculated breathlessly:

"Oh, wouldn't I just! Why, it would mean everything to me. But how. . . Who would ever give me such a sum?"

"I would," was the prompt and astounding answer, "in return for a small service. You know, I expect, that I have bought the Kaliputh emeralds. They cost me a pretty penny, I can tell you, and naturally I don't want to be put to any more expense for them than I can help. But if I declare them to the Customs I will—heavily. And this is where you can help me. The night before we land I will give them to you to smuggle ashore."

To her astonishment, instead of jumping at the tempting bait Miss Timmins, her small, freckled face very distressed, drew back.

"Oh, I couldn't!" she gasped. "Why, that would be cheating! Oh, I could never do anything so dishonest."

"Don't be a little silly!" said Mrs. Van Dyker harshly, "and throw away a good offer for an absurd scruple. Now listen. I'll give you twelve hundred and fifty dollars, that's a little over two hundred and fifty pounds in your money, I guess, just half the sum you are trying to save."

Mrs. Van Dyker watched the girl anxiously, and when she raised her head at last, seeming about to speak, she interposed hurriedly:

"Don't decide too quickly. Think it over; sleep on it, and let me know by to-morrow what you intend to do"—and with a condescending nod she left the library.

Mrs. Van Dyker waited impatiently next morning for Miss Timmins to put her out of suspense one way or another, but the governess seemed in no hurry about it, and it was not until after the luncheon gong sounded and the promenade deck was empty that she approached the American.

"I've been thinking it over," she said breathlessly, and somewhat shamefacedly, "and I'll—I'll do what you want, if you still wish it. But it's a great risk," she warned solemnly. "You know nothing of me. I might really be a very dishonest person."

But Mrs. Van Dyker, gratified at getting her way, was in no mood for warnings.

"Oh, you're all right," she said confidently. "I'm a pretty good judge of character, and that little innocent face of yours is its own recommendation, I'll go bail. Come to me late to-morrow evening. I'll get the emeralds from the purser, wear them at the evening entertainment, and give them to you afterwards. Now run along. We'd better not be seen together too much at present."

That afternoon, in view of the approaching close of the voyage, Miss Timmins was very busy collecting autographs, and her book was being rapidly filled. As she drew near to where Mrs. Van Dyker sat animatedly talking to a well-known senator, she paused and looked irresolutely at the great lady. Finally, she screwed up her courage and approached, holding out book and pen, saying timidly:

"Oh, Mrs. Van Dyker, if you won't think me very intrusive and cheeky, would you give me your autograph. People have been so kind, and I'd just love to add yours to my collection. I would be so honoured."

Hardly looking where she wrote, Mrs. Van Dyker dashed off her well-known signature.

Miss Timmins gazed at it with reverential eyes.

"Oh, thank you! Thank you ever so much!" she said rapturously in her soft, cooing voice. "You can't think what this means to me," she added, as she bowed and limped away; a remark to which Mrs. Van Dyker, immersed once more in her interesting conversation with the senator, paid scant attention, but which was to return to her later fraught with painful memories.

The Variety Entertainment for the second-class and steerage was a great success, though it would be hard to say who received the most attention, the performers or Mrs. Van Dyker, whose entrance with the famous emerald's blazing on her bony chest was the sensation of the evening.

To little Miss Timmins the purser unburdened himself with considerable length and force on the folly of wearing such jewels on board ship, which was sure to carry a crook or two ready to take advantage of any carelessness on the owner's part and collar the gems.

"Especially," he added irritably, "as we've been warned that the cleverest of a clever gang is believed to be crossing with us."

"And who is that?" asked Miss Timmins interestedly, withdrawing her gaze from the Kaliputh emeralds looking like rivers of vivid green, to the man's harassed face.

"A woman called Trench—Rose Trench—one of the smartest jewel thieves and smugglers known."

Miss Timmins' eyes wandered again from the purser over the audience as if in search of the illusive Rose, then returned to her companion.

"And what is she like, this Miss French?"

"Trench," he corrected. "Oh, Heavens, don't ask me! I don't know her from Eve, and if I did it wouldn't be of much use, as they say she is an adept in the art of disguising herself."

"Dear me, how exciting!" commented Miss Timmins, her eyes twinkling mirthfully. "Then for all you know I might be this highly improper person?"

He gazed at her where she sat huddled up in her chair, her shabby black dress rather emphasising than concealing her deformity, looking with her untidy red head and mocking, freckled face more impish than ever, and utterly unlike his preconceived notion of the notorious smuggler.

"You?" he said, with a short laugh, and the significance of his tone and the compassionate glances wandering over her figure told her more plainly than mere words how utterly absurd was her suggestion. The girl flushed painfully, and an awkward pause fell between them while the purser mentally reviled himself for a tactless oaf and rose hurriedly when a general movement proclaimed the entertainment to be at an end.

Later, when most of the passengers had retired to their cabins, Miss Timmins crept softly to Mrs. Van Dyker's stateroom. She found the lady alone, ready for bed, busily tying up a clumsy white parcel.

"Oh, there you are!" she remarked, as the girl timidly entered. "I began to think you were never coming. Here are the emeralds. Take them and go. I sent my maid away for some hot milk, she may be back at any moment. She put them safely away before she left. I am to give them back to the purser in the morning." She laughed as she thought what the morning was to disclose.

Miss Timmins hesitated, looking distastefully at the package in her hands.

"I really don't think it's right or safe," she expostulated. "The Purser says—"

"Oh, yes, I know all about that," interrupted Mrs. Van Dyker impatiently; "but I'm quite sure they'll be safe with you. Now hurry off, or Hortense will be back and begin to suspect things."

"Well, if anything happens don't forget you've been warned," were the girl's parting words as she submitted to be hustled out of the room.

The next morning the whole ship was in a ferment, the famous Kaliputh emeralds had been stolen! The actual robbery must have taken place while Mrs. Van Dyker was in her bath and the maid absent for a few moments from the stateroom. The thief had watched his or her opportunity, and, guessing where the emeralds were concealed, cut open the travelling-bag with a sharp knife or scissors, and abstracted the case containing the jewels.

Mrs. Van Dyker was in hysterics, inconsolable, blaming everybody except herself for the theft. The purser and other officers said grimly that after such an exhibition the night before it was only what might have been expected, and served her jolly well right! She had been warned, but with overweening self-confidence she disregarded every caution and thoroughly deserved what she'd got. Still, it was very unpleasant for everyone concerned, and several suspicious-looking, but as it proved, innocent individuals were searched without result, and threatened to make things hot for the company.

When the ship arrived off Sandy Hook the mystery was still unsolved. Mrs. Van Dyker played the part of robbed victim to perfection, offered a fabulous reward for the return of the jewels, and received sympathetic condolences in exactly the right key. The news of the theft had been flashed far and wide, and when at last she descended the gangway she was surrounded by a mob of eager Pressmen, all anxious to hear what she had to say on the matter.

No one took much notice of the little deformed governess who, having seen her two charges in safe hands, stood quietly beside her luggage under the letter T, waiting for the Customs to examine her boxes, in her right hand, hanging loosely by her side, a small, compact parcel.

She watched, with amused eyes, the crowd of people about Mrs. Van Dyker, once moving a little forward so as to get a better view of the proceedings. So intent was she that she did not appear to notice a young reporter hurrying along the wharf, and, stepping back to her old position, collided heavily with the man.

There were mutual laughing apologies; an observant person might have noticed the quick transference of the package from her hand to his, and then the young man hurried on towards Mrs. Van Dyker, hovered irresolutely on the fringe of the group, then, presently, as if convinced there was no chance of getting a word with the lady, swiftly departed.

When the ordeal by Customs was over, Mrs. Van Dyker, considerably lighter in purse as regarded the duty payable on her expensive garments, but not so light as if the emeralds had been in her possession, approached the governess.

"Can I give you a lift, Miss Timmins?" she asked

graciously, the hint of a command in her harsh voice.

Seemingly overwhelmed by the great lady's condescension, the girl shyly stammered she would be very glad, and entered the luxurious electric limousine which was waiting. As they whirled through the noisy bustling streets Mrs. Van Dykker patted Miss Timmins' hand.

"That was splendidly done," she said, in tones of deep satisfaction. "Now for your reward."

Arrived at the Van Dykker mansion, an imposing brownstone edifice on Fifth Avenue, the lady led the way into a morning-room, and, opening a bureau, unlocked a drawer and took from it a roll of bills.

"Here is your reward," she said, holding them out to Miss Timmins, her harsh voice almost genial. "Now give me the emeralds."

But the girl made no movement to take the money, only gazed at the bills in puzzled surprise.

"I don't understand," she said slowly. "What is this for?"

"Don't understand?" echoed Mrs. Van Dykker impatiently. "Of course you do. It is what I promised you if you got the emeralds through."

"But I haven't got your emeralds, Mrs. Van Dykker," answered the girl in wide-eyed astonishment. "They were stolen, you know?"

Mrs. Van Dykker's jaw dropped.

"Do you mean to tell me you haven't got the emeralds?" she said huskily. "But I gave them to you myself!"

Miss Timmins merely shook her head and smiled.

The sight of that smile infuriated the elder woman. She advanced on the girl, crying hoarsely:

"You wicked, wretched little thief! How dare you say any such thing! Give me back those emeralds at once or I'll send for the police."

At the word "police" the smile left Miss Timmins' face, her eyes gleamed unpleasantly, and she seemed suddenly to increase in height as she abandoned her stooping attitude; curiously, too, her shoulders seemed equally shapely and slender.

"One moment before you talk of sending for the police," she said in clear, dominant tones. "You have no proof that you gave me the emeralds, Mrs. Van Dykker, you saw to that yourself when you got rid of your maid. And if you have me arrested I will tell the police how you tried to bribe me to smuggle the jewels for you. That would make a very pretty social scandal, wouldn't it?"

"And who do you think would believe such an unlikely tale?" sneered Mrs. Van Dykker loftily. "You cannot prove it."

"Pardon me, but that is where you—in your country's simple but forceful phrasing—'slip up' Mrs. Van Dykker," retorted Miss Timmins complacently, as from an inside pocket of her coat she took a folded piece of paper.

"You see, I anticipated something of this sort," she continued as she unfolded it, "so I took the precaution of having the offer down in black and white and signed by you."

She held the slip under the stupefied woman's nose, who read dazedly:

"I, the undersigned, Euphemia S. Van Dykker, agree to pay to Martha Timmins the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds (one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars) if she successfully smuggles my jewels, the Kaliputh emeralds, through the New York Customs.

(Signed) EUPHEMIA S. VAN DYKKER."

"Collecting autographs is a very useful hobby sometimes," commented Miss Timmins, with an irritating smirk, "and you were so very obliging. Oh, it's only a copy, Mrs. Van Dykker!"—as that lady, recovering from the shock, made an ineffectual snatch at the document. "The original, with my own name on it as well, is in safe keeping."

"For the land's sake!" burst out Mrs. Van Dykker, "who are you?"

"I'm Rose Trench," answered Miss Timmins. "I nearly died with laughter when the Purser described myself to me. I think this is quite one of my most successful disguises, no one seems to have had a ghost of a suspicion that I was I. My shoulder was padded, of course—it held some diamonds I was smuggling across. My hair is a wig, the freckles come and go."

Limp and speechless, Mrs. Van Dykker could do nothing but glare impotently at her impudent tormentor. It was quite true what she said, she could do nothing. Rather than face the ridicule and malicious laughter such an exposure would bring she must suffer the loss of the emeralds in reality. True to their reputation they had not spared their latest owner.

"Well, good-bye, Mrs. Van Dykker," said Miss Timmins, otherwise Rose Trench, pausing as she turned to go to bid her victim a cheerful farewell and offer a few words of good but unwelcome advice.

"Next time you cross the Atlantic with valuables don't try to evade the Customs. It needs an expert to do that, otherwise it isn't worth it. And above all, don't be quite so cock-sure you can tell character from the face. Appearances are often deceptive, you know."

To which the humiliated woman, raging yet helpless, ruefully agreed.

Cash-counting Champions



A LIVERPOOL bank cashier has recently put up what is, as far as is known, a new record in the cash-counting line. A week or two ago he succeeded in counting off from a heap of gold nine hundred and ninety

sovereigns in two minutes, or at the rate of 495 sovereigns a minute, or over eight sovereigns a second.

Rapid cash-counting needs years of practice if anything like this speed is to be reached. Swift cash-counting rather resembles swift typing. Many quite skilful cashiers and typists use the forefinger of each hand only, or the first two fingers. But the first rank experts in both lines use all ten fingers, like a pianist.

The record in counting mixed silver is one hundred pounds-worth in seven minutes, a record put up seven years ago, and never approached since. This record is to hold to be even a finer one than the other, the silver being composed of all sorts of coins from a threepenny bit up to a crown.

The counting of mixed silver demands much more mental effort than the counting of gold, which is almost entirely a matter of nimbleness of finger.

KING'S ENGLISH.

No. 10.—"Etc."

Even the best educated among us are liable to make mistakes in grammar. Each week we give some common grammatical error, pointing out the mistake, and correcting it.

This week we explain the misuse of "Etc."

Etc. is an abbreviation for *et cetera*, which means "and the rest." It should only be used at the end of lists, schedules, and so on, where it means "and the rest." In all other cases use *and so on* or *and so forth*.

It is correct to say "Oranges, bananas, lemons, etc., are imported into Great Britain." But it is incorrect to say "He said the price of the sideboard was too high, that he couldn't afford it, etc." "And so on" should be used in such a case.

Remember one *etc.* is enough. Don't write *etc., etc.* The expression *etc.* is wrong in any case. Next week: "Have got."

Luggage Railways Loathe



Now that the holiday season is on, it is useful to know the things that you can and can't take into a railway carriage with you.

If you are looking forward to fascinating the boarding-house belle on moonlit evenings by pleasant tinklings on the banjo, you will be glad to know that the railway company quite approves.

You can take your banjo into the compartment with you, free. The railway company looks kindly on guitars, too, and violins and cornets. It is merciful even to the bag-pipes. But if you are caught putting a trombone or a 'cello on the rack you will be told to put it in the guard's van, and pay extra on it.

You can, of course, carry a box of matches. But try taking a twopenny packet of matches and you may find yourself the poorer by a fine of twenty pounds. You cannot even put your packet in the guard's van. Railway companies refuse to carry matches in passenger trains at all.

Generally speaking, you can take the implements of your daily work into your compartment, free. You may carry a shovel or a pick-axe or a crow-bar. But this rule does not work out quite consistently. It is a standing grievance with journalists and others who possess portable typewriters that they are legally bound to put their typewriters in the luggage van, at parcels rates.

"Did you notice how heartily Murphy shook hands with me?"

"I did."

"He wasn't satisfied with shaking one; he grabbed the two."

"Yes, I suppose he thought his watch would be safer that way."

WE INSURE YOUR PEARLS.

Big Risks Incurred by Agencies Guaranteeing the Safety of Precious Stones.

THE amazing theft of the pearl necklace valued at £150,000 has not resulted in a very big loss to the owner, as the gems were insured to the extent of £140,000.

In view of this robbery, Mr. P. Doubleyou paid a visit to an influential representative of a famous firm of jewellery insurance agents, who annually insure precious stones to the value of many millions of pounds.

It has often occurred to me that the public are quite unaware of the great risks incurred by agencies which insure precious stones—said the insurance agent—for we are continually receiving letters on the subject of the so-called high premiums charged to indemnify owners of jewellery against loss.

As a matter of fact, the charges for jewellery insurance are really exceedingly reasonable, for, although when an insurance policy against burglary or theft is effected, the agent of the company endeavours to see that reasonable precautions to prevent such a catastrophe are taken, yet, to all practical intents and purposes it is impossible to do this satisfactorily when dealing with such personal property as precious stones.

Three Rings Missing.

Let me give readers of *Pearson's Weekly* an idea of the risks to which agencies which insure jewellery are liable. Only a few months ago we insured the jewellery of a certain very well-known and exceedingly popular actress for £10,000. Had we not have received ample proof of the standing and integrity of the actress in question we should not have undertaken so great a risk. Her name, however, was above suspicion, and accordingly we insured her jewellery within a few hours of the proposal being made to us.

Two days later we received a letter from the charming lady in question intimating that three rings, which she valued at a little over £500, had been stolen. Now, obviously, however expert a thief may be, it is a difficult matter for him to take rings off a lady's finger, and, accordingly, after interviewing our client, as to her movements on the evening in question, two detectives employed by the firm commenced to endeavour to unravel the case.

The actress declared that she was certain that she was wearing the rings when she arrived at the restaurant at which she had supper before going to the ball where she was equally sure the theft had taken place. The detectives, therefore, asked permission to visit the theatre at which she was appearing in order to make a thorough search of her dressing-room.

Diamonds are the Cheapest to Insure.

In less than five minutes the rings were discovered beneath a loose piece of carpet at the back of the dressing-table. How did the mistake occur? Obviously, before going to supper our client had taken off her rings to wash her hands and after placing them on the dressing-table they had accidentally been knocked off.

Are there any peculiarities about jewellery insurance? Well, to the lay mind it may seem strange that premiums vary to a small extent according to the nature of the particular precious stones insured. Diamonds, for instance, are cheaper than other forms of jewellery.

Still another point in jewellery insurance may be interesting to readers of *P. W.* Thus, an ordinary policy covers all ordinary risks throughout Europe save in certain countries, of which special mention must be made of Spain and Russia. This is because experience has proved to us that in these two countries more gems are lost than in any other countries, owing to the fact that expert jewel thieves are more numerous in Spain and Russia than in other places.

What is the smallest space of time for which jewellery can be insured? Well, as a rule, most people seldom, if ever, indemnify themselves against loss for less than a week, though during the Coronation weeks scores of people took the precaution of insuring their jewellery from day to day according to the number of social engagements they had to fulfil. In such cases the amount charged for insurance is regulated almost entirely by circumstances.

DOG SMUGGLING BY AERO.

A Customs Officer tells How Dog-Lovers Dodge Quarantine for Their Pets.

SMUGGLING dogs into England from abroad is now quite a recognised industry, and well organised (remarked a Customs officer at Dover the other day to Mr. P. Doublyou). There are men at Calais, Dieppe and other Continental ports, who will guarantee to get any dog across the Channel, and deliver him to any place in England that may be agreed upon.

Their charges range high, from £20 to £50, according to the size and breed of the animal, but wealthy dog-lovers do not mind paying generously in order to spare their pets the ignominy of having to undergo three months' quarantine, and themselves the discomfort of being separated from them during all that long period.

Of course, there are also people who try to smuggle their dogs across "on their own." They are usually women, and I may say that they very rarely succeed.

The big bag muffs now so popular are the usual receptacles for small toy dogs. Only the other day I had my suspicions aroused by the exceedingly careful way a well-dressed lady passenger was carrying one of these down the gangway from one of the Channel mail steamers. Pretending to stumble, I grabbed the muff fairly hard, and as I expected, a yelp was emitted from inside. The lady dog-smuggler had to pay about £5 fine and costs, and her pet went into quarantine after all.

In the Bottom of a Big Trunk.

Toy bulls are the easiest dogs to smuggle because they never bark. We once found one of this particular breed at the bottom of a big Saratoga trunk, beneath a pile of costly dresses. It had evidently suffered considerably from its prolonged confinement, in fact, it was half-suffocated; yet it never uttered a sound.

On another occasion the lid of a cardboard box which was supposed to contain assorted French chocolates, started bulging upwards in a strange manner. On taking it off there emerged to view one of the smallest black pomeranians I ever saw. It weighed only three pounds, and was valued by its owner at 500 guineas.

Actors and actresses are among the most persistent sinners in the matter of dog smuggling. They run over to Paris, or Vienna, or wherever it may be, in order to fulfill a professional engagement, and thoughtlessly take their pets with them, ignoring or forgetting the regulations as to quarantine on re-admission to the United Kingdom.

Wealthy society women, too, not infrequently suffer from similar lapses of memory. It is people of this type who patronise the professional dog-smugglers alluded to above. Many of them don't mind what they pay.

A Tug for a St. Bernard.

One high-born lady had her great Dane brought over by aeroplane at a cost of £100. This method of dodging the customs authorities was a fairly safe one at the time, for the new regulations governing the arrival of airmen from abroad were not then in force, but it by no means follows that it is going to work equally well in the future.

Another valuable dog, a St. Bernard, was recently smuggled over in a tug that had been specially chartered for the purpose. The owner of the animal met the captain by arrangement off the Essex coast, just outside the three-mile limit, and transferred it to his private motor-boat which was then run at top speed into one of the many sheltered creeks that abound in the estuary of the Thames. We heard all about it soon afterwards, but we could do nothing, as specific proof was lacking.

Such methods, however, are too costly for any but very wealthy people. The usual plan, and one very difficult to circumvent, is for the dog to be entrusted to the care of some member of the crew of one of the many small foreign vessels that trade to this country with agricultural produce—onions, potatoes and such like.

The animal is allowed to range the deck quite freely on arrival, no secret being made of its presence on board. But one night it is missing. It has been smuggled on shore and handed over to the owner or his agent by the sailor who had temporary charge of it, and who receives for his trouble a sum equal probably to at least a fortnight's wages.

JUST AS SMART.

THE young man from the country took his green neck-tie and his best girl to the restaurant, and, like some other young men, he was disposed to be facetious at the waiter's expense.

"Waiter," he said, "I want you to bring me a grilled crocodile."

"Yessir," replied the waiter, perfectly unmoved.

"And, waiter, bring it with butter."

"Yessir."

Then he stood there like a statue for a minute.

"Well," said the young man, "aren't you going to bring it?"

"Yessir."

"Why don't you, then?"

"Orders is that we get pay in advance for crocodiles, sir. Crocodiles with butter are a thousand pounds. If you take it without butter, sir, it is one pound less."

The young man climbed down.

SMALL PURCHASER: "I want a box of pills, please."

Chemist: "What kind, my boy? Antibilious?"

Small Purchaser: "No, it's uncle, sir."

LITTLE BRAIN WAVES.

THE man who is right is seldom left.

It's the last ostrich feather that breaks the husband's purse.

There are always two sides to every question—ours and the wrong side.

Some people think that women ought to receive men's wages—married women do.

If you put all your best goods in the front window you ought to remember that it is apt to fade them.

Woman would be more charming if one could fall into her arms without falling into her hands.

Love is like debt: one's joy at getting out is only to be equalled by the fun of getting in again.

The only real preventive of sea-sickness that we know of is to miss the boat and stay on shore.

An interviewer is a man who asks you what you take to drink—and doesn't give it to you.

What is an author, after all, but an indiscreet person who can't keep his thoughts to himself?

It is always safer in financial transactions to treat a stranger with the same suspicion that you would a relative.

It makes no difference how independent a man is, there are times when he wants someone to "Poor-little-lamb" him.

A man is proud to refer to the temptations he resisted, but gets mad if reminded of those to which he succumbed.

Fullness under the eyes denotes language. When the fullness is large and discoloured, and hurts, this denotes that the man has been using too much of it.

A girl should only run after a man if she really means to catch him. Flirting is silly and not quite fair. A flirt leads a man on, and leads him on, and then suddenly puts her nose in the air as if he were a bad smell, and says: "What do you mean?"

THE BUMP EXPERT.

"You ought to be married, sir," said the phrenologist to the victim of the stage. "Yes, sir, you ought to be married. You have no right to have lived a bachelor so many years. Now, look at your clothes. Who mended your coat? Tell me that."

"My third wife, sir," was the reply.

Our August Bank Holiday Number

WILL CONTAIN

PROFESSOR
JEPHCOFF'S
CASES.

A new series
of capital
stories.

A QUEEN
OF
THIEVES.

The opening in
stallment of a
new serial.

SEASIDE
CELEBRITIES.

A new series of
articles which
will appeal to
holiday-makers

ON SALE NEXT FRIDAY.

"THANK YE, SIR!"

Types of Tippers One Meets on Holiday.
By an Ex-Railway Guard.

"ARE you engaged, porter?"

"No, mum, I'm married. Small wife and large family, mum."

An old "wheeze" among railway porters, of whom I was one before I became a guard, but it often used to go down with ladies.

Gentlemen, as a rule, don't ask whether you are "engaged." They just shout, "Hi, porter," or beckon to you. The ladies, however, usually give you a chance of working off this joke, which, though it may be old, used to bring me many a sixpence or shilling instead of a copper or two.

Ladies as "tippers"? Well, you get all sorts, but the average is poor, and they seem to be great collectors of threepenny bits.

Also, they are rather fond of giving you treats, or the remains of a packet of sandwiches. I generally found both very indigestible.

Among masculine travellers, I am sorry to say that the Englishman does not come first as a generous "tipper."

The meanest man of all is the British commercial traveller. He will let you fairly tear your soul out wrestling with his heavy stock boxes and baskets, and then reward you with twopence.

On the other hand, theatricals travelling with heavy baggage are good, and so too are music-hall people.

Germans Are Very Liberal.

But the best "tipper" I ever met is the German—at all events when he is a gentleman.

As a porter I was at the Holborn Viaduct terminus of the S.E. and Chatham Railway, and, of course, we used to get many foreigners arriving there from the Continent.

Many of them would be going to stay at Keyser's Royal Hotel on the Embankment. My passenger might ask me how far it was, and I'd say, "It's only a few minutes' walk, sir, if you'd like to stretch your legs. I'll get your luggage through the Customs and run it down on a truck if you'll follow me."

With a German gentleman this nearly always meant a piece of gold. American tourists are good, too. Frenchmen are pretty fair also; but I remember one who, after I had taken a lot of trouble over him, rewarded me by kissing me before I could stop him. I went home and had a good wash.

The coolest hand I ever met was an English parson. He arrived at Holborn from the Continent on a Sunday morning, and I got hold of him. He was going to an hotel in Holborn. I told him there were not many cabs about, and that if he liked I'd see his stuff through the Customs and run it along. Yes, that would be very nice of me.

A Halfpenny for My Cough.

I got his baggage passed, loaded it up—there was a lot of it—took him and it to the hotel, where I booked a room for him, and finally saw him into the lift.

As he showed no signs of "parting," I coughed and said: "Nothing else, sir, is there?"

"Oh, of course," he said, fumbled in his pocket, and produced and handed me—a halfpenny!

I looked at it and said: "This is not much good to me, sir."

"No," he answered, "and it's no good to me. That's why I'm giving it you."

I felt inclined to say something, but I didn't, for really the cheek of it tickled me.

As a guard one has various opportunities of earning tips.

There are honeymoon couples, but they are not what they used to be. Nowadays just as often as not they don't want a carriage to themselves for fear of attracting attention.

The guard who knows his business has a supply of "Reserved" or "Engaged" labels in his pocket, or he has a carriage already so labelled. Along comes a likely-looking couple. "Want a carriage, sir. I can let you have this one. You'll be all right in there. Thank you, sir!" It's generally worth half-a-crown.

Then there are your "regulars," season-ticket holders, and the like. They generally rally round the guard at Christmas-time.

What are a guard's tips worth? It varies a lot with circumstances, but the "Thank ye, sir!" of a main-line express guard should represent from 30s. to £2 a week.

By Hook or by Crookery

Purchase HOME COOKERY.

The Cadgers of S' Kilda



Where the Preaching of
Tales of Woe and Trouble
is an Art.

AN islet in the Atlantic—tiny, remote, and gale-swept—the very loneliest of the lonely group known as the Hebrides, off the west coast

of Scotland, where the isolated inhabitants drop their letters into the sea, where greed and ingratitude flourish, and the women are the workers and the men are the shirkers.

Such is the island of St. Kilda, whose seventy inhabitants annually make it their business to scare a sympathetic British public by tales of mysterious woes and troubles, which they contrive, generally successfully, to send through to the mainland.

Usually the periodical scares have taken the form of starvation and poverty, but the latest story from the distressful isle, which only became known a week or two ago, was that the poor St. Kildans had contracted the 'flu.

A Cruiser Sent to Their Aid!

So, in spite of previous cries of "wolf," the Scottish Office in London rightly got busy, and induced the Admiralty to dispatch immediately the cruiser *Active* with a special doctor and nurses and the necessaries for relief. When the cruiser got there the relief party found that the islanders had been very, very ill.

The peculiar part of this last appeal lies in the epidemic having risen so suddenly. The pursuer of the steamer *Lockmaddy*, which left St. Kilda on the 12th of June, had made no mention of any illness on the island. Neither has the Rev. D. T. Mackay, who, when he landed later to conduct a communion service, was asked by the islanders to postpone his service on the score of urgent business.

It was very soon after these two visits that the news came of the outbreak.

A few years ago the islanders were presented with a boat by charitable people in the south of England. Later it was found that the boat had been chopped up and used for firewood, the reason given being that the boat did not exactly suit their purpose. So they burnt it in order that their kind friends might give them another and better one!

Gratitude is a word of which the inhabitants apparently know not the meaning.

In 1902 King Edward sent a special message through Dr. Forshaw to the islanders. Dr. Forshaw took with him pounds of tobacco and sweets, Coronation medals and mugs, beautiful artistic photographs of their Majesties in their Coronation robes, numberless bound volumes, and magazines.

The St. Kildans showed their appreciation of the gifts in the most peculiar manner.

1,100 Sheep—Yet Starving!

They disdainfully crushed up the Coronation photographs, which cost half-a-guinea each, and eagerly grabbed at the tobacco and sweets. The Coronation medals, which cost half-a-crown each, were afterwards sold to visitors to the island for a penny. The books and magazines were thrown into the sea by the grateful people.

In May of last year there came another plaintive story of starvation, and a daily paper organised a relief expedition to St. Kilda. They were supposed to be starving, but the Macleod of Macleod, the owner of the island, wrote to THE TIMES that only tea and sugar had run out.

The Press was full of the woes of St. Kildans, and much sympathy was misplaced at the time, for the islanders not only had meal, potatoes, and flour, but also 1,100 sheep and cattle.

The sea was also full of fish to be had for the catching, while swarms of sea-birds, good to eat, whitened the cliffs, and countless numbers of eggs could be fresh gathered.

Since the habit of "scaring" has become common

to St. Kilda, ships touch the lonely isle just a little more frequently, but formerly it was isolated from the outside world for periods of six, seven, eight, nine, and even ten months.

Even now, if the natives want to send a message to their friends, they inclose a letter in a tin, with a bladder attached, throw it into the sea, and when a north-west wind is blowing the letter goes on its way. Strangely enough, ten out of twelve of these unique "post-bags" reach their destination safely, being picked up by passing ships.

300 Petrel Per Person.

Even in these letters the St. Kilda characteristic of begging is to the fore. The primitive instinct of possession is active in the St. Kildans. Visitors to the island are surrounded by clamouring beggars, who ask for anything the stranger has about him, and do not rest until they get it.

There is a story that when a gunboat visited the island the captain invited the islanders to go on board and look at the machinery and guns. The St. Kildans went on board, and then demanded to be paid for their trouble—and they refused to leave the vessel until they were recompensed!

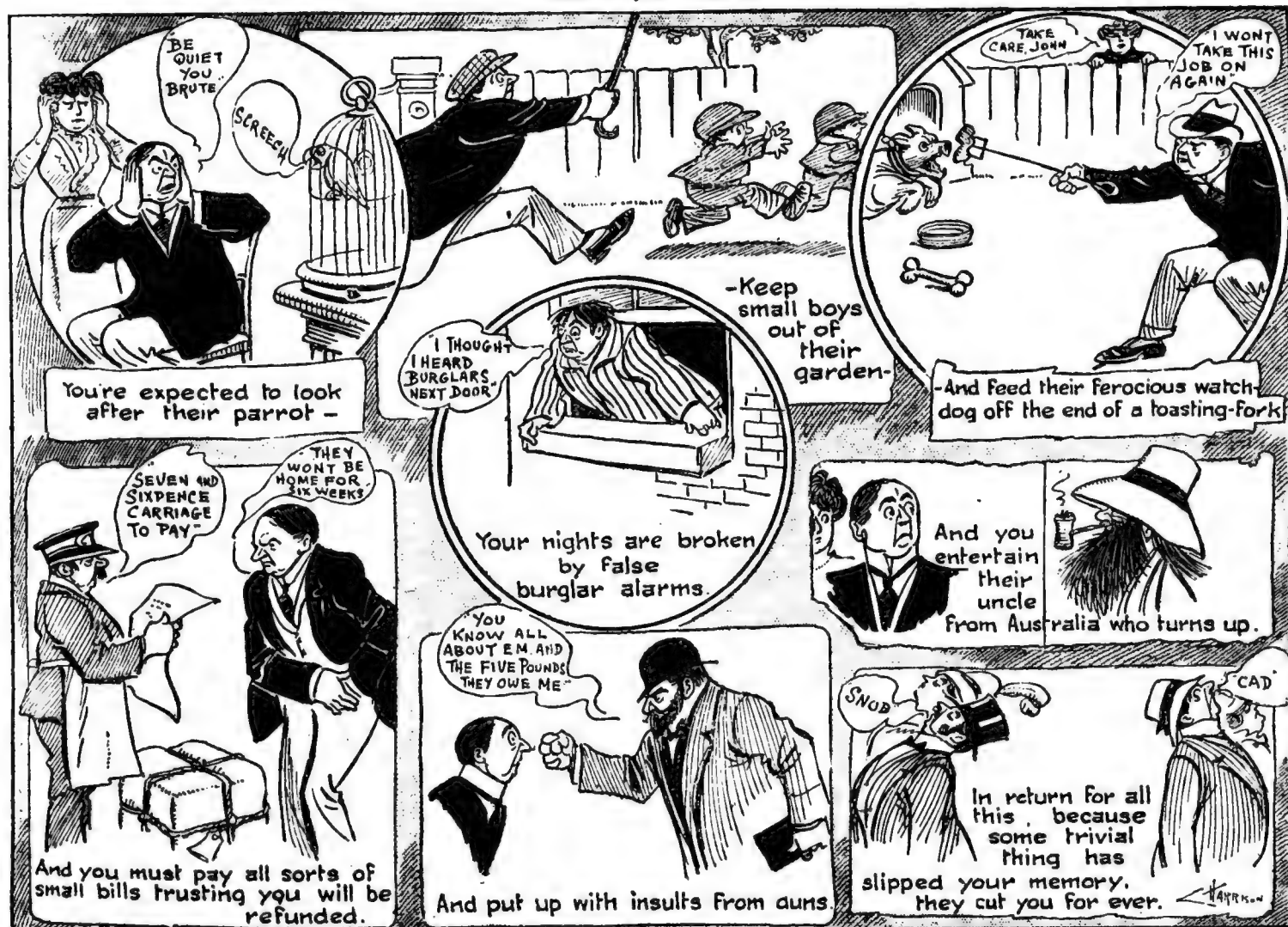
The popular food is the petrel. Next month—as they do every August—every man and woman will go hunting for the birds, climbing dangerous cliffs. The birds are afterwards collected and plucked by the children, and cleaned, salted, and packed away for the common use. About three hundred is the customary allowance for the winter to each person.

But, apart from this annual hunt, it is the women who do the work, and the men are the gossips. The women fish and dig peat for the fires, milk the cows, and attend to what little agriculture is done, while the men talk about what they are going to do.

Most of the children born on the island are attacked by the terrible scourge of tetanus, the babies only surviving a few days. The prevalence of this serious malady among infants is attributed to the inter-marrying of the inhabitants.

WHEN YOUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS GO AWAY—

—You are expected to do all sorts of things for them, says our cartoonist. Below, he illustrates how you oblige your "friends," and the result of your kindness.



Robert Barr, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Dorothea Conyers, and Clive Holland contribute to the August NOVEL.

HOW TO MAKE A CENTURY.

The Best Cricket Stories from J. B. HOBBS' New Book.

"SWANKER.—You thought yourself very clever for getting a few fours off Gresswell, and you only did it to pander to the Oval mob, which you are always doing. They applaud everything Surrey do there, even if Hobbs, Esq., mishelds a ball! You had not so much side on Friday when Foster clean bowled you for a duck! England would fall to pieces without you, I don't think, SWANKER."

"This weird production," observes J. B. Hobbs, the great Surrey cricketer, in a just-published little book by himself—"How To Make a Century"—came to hand at Manchester immediately after the Gentlemen v. Players match at the Oval last year. It was posted in London, from what suburb I am unable to say, as it bears neither name nor address; and I insert it as a curiosity to show what one gets from the crowd sometimes."

Happily, Hobbs is not sensitive, but, as he goes on to point out, some cricketers are. There was the classic instance connected with the late Dr. E. M. Grace, for instance. "The Coroner," as he was called, was once batting and had the bad luck to stop a nasty fast one with his hand. As he shook the injured member a voice came from the crowd:

"Hold an inquest on it!"

"This," relates Hobbs, "was too much for 'E. M.,' who promptly sought out the offender, and had him escorted off the ground before proceeding with his innings."

A Tale of a Test Match.

"How to make a Century" is really intended as a sort of "Little Arthur's Guide" for batsmen who aspire to become centurions, but it is freely besprinkled with stories from the pavilion.

Here is an almost breathless account of the finish of an England v. Australia match.

"I shall never forget that Test Match at Melbourne, during my first Australian tour, when England wanted thirty-eight runs to win, with only one wicket to fall.

"It is now a glorious page of cricket history which tells how Syd Barnes and Arthur Fielder made the runs, but at the time the excitement among our fellows was intense. We had to stand on a form and look out from a window to get a good view of the batting, and space was so limited that if a man moved his head ever so little he obstructed someone else's view and was reminded of the fact with both force and eloquence.

"As the score crept up run by run we stood like men under a spell. At last the end came, and with it that indescribable sensation of victory snatched out of the jaws of defeat. My pen cannot begin to do justice to the feeling of joy and elation, but I will say I would rather be trying to make the runs than a passive spectator of a tight finish."

Wrecked His Own Wicket.

Most cricketers who have played against asylum teams have stories of lunatic players to tell, and Hobbs is no exception to the general rule. This is his story:

"He was a fine-looking chap—all six feet in his socks—and from the moment he took guard it was evident that he knew more than a little about batting. But he was exceptionally keen on playing right back at almost every ball which did not happen to be pitched well up.

"Noticing this, the wily bowler dropped ball after ball just where they really ought to have been played forward. At last a queer thing happened—the batsman came back so far that he swept the bails off with his bat as he made the stroke. The wicket-keeper smiled at the accident, which always makes the batsman look rather foolish, but his smile soon vanished when he saw what was happening.

"The irate batsman stepped back a yard or so from his damaged wicket, surveyed the wreckage with a look of intense hatred, glared horribly at the grinning wicket-keeper, raised his bat high in the air as if it were a double-handed sword, and swung it round with a spiteful swish which could be heard half over the ground as he dealt the stumps a mighty whack which broke one and sent the other two flying yards out of the ground.

"Then he shouldered his bat and marched stiffly back to the pavilion, where, I must add, the wicket-keeper preceded him by, I should say, about fifty yards. Upon my word, I never saw a man run as that wicket-keeper did when the angry patient raised his bat, fearing, no doubt, that the blow which wrecked the wicket was meant for him."

TOO FORGETFUL.

THE commercial had been explaining to his inquisitive railway carriage companion—who had been asking many questions—that it was quite impossible for a man in his position to get home often.

"Why, sir," he said, "I get home so seldom that I can't remember half the time where I live. I have to telegraph to the firm to send my address."

"You don't say so," said the stranger.

Commercial: "That's true. Why, one day I was away so long that I forgot I'd ever been married, and I took such a fancy to a pretty woman I met in a strange town that I eloped with her."

Stranger: "My! My!"

Commercial: "Yes, it would have been a terrible thing, but when I called on the firm during my honeymoon and introduced my wife, the old man told me she was my wife before."

"What is a retainer, Pa?"

"A retainer, my son, is the money people pay to us lawyers before we can do any work."

"Oh, I see. It's like those slot-gas meters. The people have to pay their money before they get any gas."

A LONELY LITTLE GIRL.

My mother is the prettiest thing—

She still looks but a girl, folks say,

I wish she was a girl, for then

Together we could play!

I'm six years old—or will be soon—

And I am all the child she's got!

And sometimes when it's lonely, why,

I wish there was a lot!

For mother has to work so hard,

A-dancing nights or pouring tea

Each afternoon, she has no time

To play and romp with me!

I wish some nights she'd stay at home,

And, when it's time to go to bed,

She'd hear my prayers instead of nurse,

Then, when it's dark I'd have no dread.

If she'd jes let me hold her hand—

Her pretty hand with all its rings;

And I can go right off to sleep

If mother only sings!

But mother has no time, she says,

To humour little girls, cos she

Gets tired out with balls and things

That keep her up till three.

I hark each night for mother's step,

And then I call out, loud and clear,

"Hope you'll have a lovely time,"

And "Good-night, mother, dear!"

But when she's gone, and down below

I hear the carriage door slam to,

I feel so lonely I could cry,

And sometimes p'r'aps I do.

MRS. CHATTER had called, and little Minnie, sitting opposite, smiled shyly up at her.

"Won't you come and sit on my knee?" asked the visitor.

"Ma—ma told me to sit on dis cha-ir an' hide de hole in it until she came downstairs," cooly faltered little Minnie.

THE LADY: "Green apples; nice green apples!"

THE GENTLEMAN: "Gripes—fine gripes!"

RESULT OF "SUR-PRIZE" COLUMN COMPETITION.

"FIVE" CONTEST.

In this contest a title was asked for, appropriate for the picture on page 82 of P.W., showing an illustration of a slum-child riding a bicycle. The prize of £5 for the best title was won by M. S. Haycraft, Wallisdown, Bournemouth, who suggested the following:

"Put in ninepence, and the Figure Plays!"

The prizes—ten silver watches—offered for the next best attempts were awarded as follows:

N. Cookly, B.E. Office, Belfast; T. B. Cronin, Bleannerville, Tralee, Ireland; W. Hartwell, 20 Dawson St., Woolwich; E. Jackson, 2 Cross St., Low Moor, Clitheroe, Lancs; W. H. Knowles, Caldervale, Gt. Harwood; N. McBae, 16 Walter St., Dennistoun, Glasgow; B. A. Morris, 6 Mayfield Road, Portsmouth, Southampton; L. Scott, 747 Bolton Rd., Bradford, Yorks; J. H. Stein, Dalmeny, Edinburgh; W. Weller, 115 Brewery Rd., Plumstead.

HAVE A HAPPY HOLIDAY.

"P.W.'s" Splendid Recipe for the Lucky Ones Who Can Afford to go Away to the Country or Seaside.

P.W. hopes that every reader will have a very enjoyable holiday this year.

P.W., going one better, is prepared to present to every reader an unfailing recipe for holiday enjoyment.

And here it is:

Let one outcome of your holiday be a holiday for somebody else.

The somebody else whom P.W. has in mind is a poor child of a great city, waiting, with eager eyes, for the chance of a holiday which you alone can give.

P.W.'s plan is quite simple. Only four conditions are to be observed, and there is no shadow of doubt but that the readers who observe them will reap a certain harvest of holiday pleasure.

1. Make up your mind that every time when you spend money during your holiday you will think for one moment of a poor town child, whose big, wistful eyes are fixed upon you in the hope that you will remember its sad lot of slum-imprisonment, and will come to its rescue; then, asking yourself the question—Could I not save a trifle from the money I am spending for the sake of this poor little prisoner?

2. Set aside throughout your holiday a particular pocket, or one special division of your purse, for money saved, to be dedicated to the Fresh Air Fund.

3. Make up your mind to resist the temptation to spend the money saved.

4. Change the money saved into stamps, and send to the Fresh Air Fund.

How the Plan Will Work.

The plan will work in this way:

You are off for your holiday—going, let us say, to the seaside.

At the station you go to a bookstall to buy some papers for the journey, or to the refreshment-room, calling, perhaps, for a glass of beer, ginger-beer, or milk, and selecting a few sandwiches and buns, and perhaps some fruit and chocolates, to eat on the journey.

As your hand goes to your pocket you see the vision of a wistful child's face, hoping against hope—and you do with one sandwich less than you had intended, or with one bun less, or one drink less, or you buy a penny paper instead of a magazine, and put the pence thereby saved into the reserved compartment.

In due time you come to the sea. Now, at the seaside henceforward you will be spending money at brief intervals all through the holiday.

You do all that you wish to do and your purse allows—but each time you spend money on yourself you think of the poor slum child's eyes so eagerly watching you, and you endeavour to save a trifle for that poor child's sake.

Resist the Great Temptation.

Half-penny is added to half-penny, penny to penny—maybe, twopence to twopence. It is very easy to save money when your mind is made up to save. Soon you have saved ninepence—enough to buy the freedom of one poor town prisoner.

But then comes the great temptation of which we have warned you!—the temptation to spend on yourself your savings for others.

Perhaps you will find yourself short of money at your holiday's end. Maybe, you will be looking in every pocket for twopence wherewith to tip an obliging porter at the last moment, or to quench your final holiday thirst—and your hand goes to your savings.

Outwit this temptation and turn the last half-penny of your savings into a stamp, and put the stamps into an envelope, and address the envelope to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

There are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. All expenses are borne by the promoters, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Limited, the Daily Express Limited, the Standard Newspapers Limited, and the Ragged School Union. There is no distinction of class or creed. Ninepence pays for a day's happiness for a child; £8 2s. pays for a complete party of 200, with the necessary attendants. Cheques and money orders should be made payable to the Fresh Air Fund, and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper.

(A list of subscriptions to the Fresh Air Fund appears on the page 159.)

The World's Best Stories

"Ter Die?" Not Me!

DR. ROBERT BRIDGES, the new Post Laureate, in his "Tract on the Present State of English Pronunciation," tells some amusing stories. One of them is about a hospital patient who saw the doctor who had examined him write on a card hung at the head of his bed the Latin words: "Ter Die." It simply meant that he was to be attended to "three times a day," but the patient thought the words had a more sinister meaning, and he whipped out of bed and fled for his life!

An Inexpensive Diamond.

THE holiday season is the time when the young man at work in the City goes home to his native village to startle the inhabitants with his magnificence in socks and ties and other finery. A story is being told of a young Glasgow apprentice who went home to his native West Highland village for a week's holiday. Among his personal adornments was a tiepin in which there sparkled a "diamond" the size of a hazel-nut. He assured everybody who asked, that the stone was a real diamond, and they all believed him except one man, who obstinately refused to be convinced. "Weel," said the exasperated youth, "if it's nae a diamond I've been done out o' ma half-croon!"

The Waitress Lost Her Tip.

UP in Cheshire they are telling a story of an old farmer who made a trip into Liverpool the other week to see King George and Queen Mary. On his return home he was asked how he had got on, and he was loud in his praise of the Royal visitors. "An', man," he added, "I got a gran' dinner in a shop for tennence. The bill was a shillin', but I found tuppence lyin' on the tablecloth when I sat down."

Conclusive Proof.

As part of a holiday treat a little boy was taken recently to St. Paul's Cathedral. When he returned home some well-meaning person proceeded to worry him as to what he had seen in the Cathedral. "And did you see the tombs of all the brave soldiers?" was one question. "Yes," said Willie, without enthusiasm. "And isn't it fine to think of all the great deeds they did?" the well-meaning person continued. "I s'pose so," Willie admitted grudgingly. "But on their tombstones it just said they'd defeated the French; an' they couldn't have defeated them very much, 'cos they're all dead an' the French are still alive!"

The Bishop's Swine.

THIS story is being told of a certain bishop who has a pleasant habit of chatting with anybody he may meet during his country walks. The other day he came across a lad who was looking after some pigs by the roadside, and the Bishop paused to ask him what he was doing, that being his usual opening to conversation. "Moindin' swine," the lad replied stolidly. The bishop nodded his head thoughtfully. "Ah, is that so?" he commented. "And how much do you earn a week?" "Two shillin's," was the reply. "Only two shillings," remarked the bishop; then he continued pleasantly. "I too am a shepherd, but I get more than two shillings." The lad looked at him suspiciously for a minute, then he said slowly: "Mebbe you gets more swine nor me to moind!"

The Longer the Better.

THE Rev. Silas K. Hocking, the well-known clergyman and novelist, told an amusing story the other day of an experience he had once when he was asked to preach at a chapel some distance from a railway-station. Fearing he might be late, he took a taxi from the station to the chapel, and, arriving there, he hurried into the vestry to change; but when he entered the pulpit he was disappointed to find that the congregation consisted of only one man. Remembering, however, that a friend had once preached to a congregation of one man and had converted him, he decided to proceed with the service just as though the chapel had been full. Accordingly, he preached a long and powerful sermon, and at the close of it he invited the man, who had been very attentive and seemed greatly

impressed by what he had heard, to wait and have a chat with him. The man nodded and remained in his seat, so the preacher came down from the pulpit and shook hands with him. "I hope my sermon was not too long," he said. "Oh, it don't make no difference to me," was the reply. "I'm your cabman!" In his hurry Mr. Hocking had forgotten to dismiss his taxi, and the twopences had been ticking up all the time he was preaching!

Where He Longed To Be.

MRS. J. L. STORY, who has just published another interesting book of recollections, tells a quaintly pathetic little story of a homesick Scottish soldier who was dying in India. The regimental chaplain came to see him, to prepare him for the end, and after they had talked for some time he asked: "Can I do anything for you? Is there any message I can send to your friends at home?" "No, sir, thank you; I have seen to all that," the man replied. "But there is just one question I should like to ask you." "What is that?" said the chaplain. "I will answer you if I can." "Well, sir, it's just this," the soldier continued. "You see, you have made me hope that when I die I shall go to Heaven. Do you think it's anyway possible that I might gae round by Aberdeen?"

The Grease-paint Had Run.

IN one part of his newly-published book, "Thoughts and After-thoughts," Sir Herbert Tree, the famous actor-manager, discusses the agonies of self-consciousness and stage fright. "I remember a first-night some years ago," he says, "when I was reduced to a state of mental and physical pulp. At the end of the first act the author entered. "Well, and how did I get on?" I asked, hungry for encouragement. "Scanning my trembling and perspiring form, the author observed, 'I see your skin has been acting, at all events!'"

A Little Premature.

THE discovery, made during the settling-up of his affairs, that the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan's investments were not all profitable, recalls a story that is told in connection with one of his great artistic "finds." He mentioned rather proudly one day to a well-known British connoisseur of art that he had just discovered and bought a beautiful miniature by the great Holbein. The other, knowing that Mr. Morgan had sometimes been "taken in" by the art dealers, expressed much surprise. "So far as I know," he said, "there are only six Holbein miniatures in existence, and I have not heard that one of these was for sale." "Come and see it for yourself, then," said Mr. Morgan, who was rather annoyed at the critic's sceptical attitude. The invitation was accepted, and Mr. Morgan was still more annoyed when he noticed a smile pass over the critic's face the minute he set eyes on the picture. "Who is it supposed to be, do you think?" the critic asked, politely attempting to conceal his mirth. "It's plainly a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots," snapped Mr. Morgan. Then the critic laughed outright. "What's the matter with you?" demanded the indignant financier. "Nothing, nothing," chuckled the critic. "Nothing at all, except that Mary was born the year after Holbein died!"

Poor Old Man.

MR. ALFRED LESTER, who has been holiday-making in Norway, was telling us recently a story about a newly-married lady who was being interviewed by the reporter of the local paper just after the ceremony. "And after the honeymoon where do you intend to settle down?" was his final question. "At the Old Manse," said the bride as she hurried away. The reporter thought it sounded a bit familiar, but he decided to use it in his interview, so when it appeared in print the report finished up: "After the honeymoon the happy couple intend to live at the old man's."

A NERVE WRACKED WOMAN.

"I was oh! so run down and helpless, but was made as well as ever in my life by DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS."



Mrs. Rigby, Bolton.

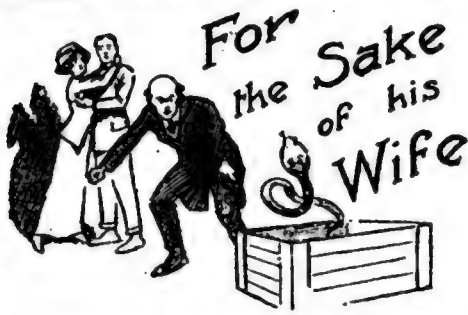
That women have more than their share of the trials and worries of life goes without saying, and it is small wonder if sometimes they get into a low, nervous, run-down condition. The boon of boons to all who suffer in this way is Dr. Cassell's Tablets. This wonderful medicine renews vitality at its very source, puts new life and vigour into the weakest. Here is an instance: "I had suffered for years," says Mrs. Rigby, of 123 Davenport Street, Bolton, "when I first got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I used to feel oh! so run-down and helpless. I had no strength, no energy. I was in constant pain from indigestion, and hardly ever without headache. I suffered from wind to a frightful extent. I was afraid to eat, and just as run-down and weak as a woman could well be. I was also dreadfully constipated. All sorts of things were tried, and I had medical advice; but it was only when I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets that I improved. All pain went, and in two months I was as well as ever in my life." Dr. Cassell's Tablets act more brilliantly than any other medicine known in cases of Nervous Breakdown, Anæmia, Debility, Sleeplessness, Nerve Pains, Heart Weakness, Kidney and Stomach Disorders, Children's Weakness, Spinal and Nerve Paralysis, and general bodily fatigue, brain fog, and all run-down conditions. Send 2d. to-day to Dr. Cassell's Co. Ltd. (Box A 37), Chester Road, Manchester, for a free sample. All chemists sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 10½d., 1½d., and 2½d.



Sea air ruins the hair. The distress caused by seeing it daily becoming greyer and greyer—losing its life and lustre—falling out literally in handfuls, completely spoils the enjoyment of your holiday. If you want the remedy, genuine, good, true, get Geo. R. Sims' Tatcho and you've got it. There is no other. Tatcho is acknowledged to be the one universal preparation that will make the hair grow. It is used by hundreds of thousands the world over, and recommended by over fifteen hundred physicians.

Chemists & Stores everywhere, 1 - 2/9 & 4/6.

In the August NOVEL a new series of stories of stage-life begin, "Told by the Stage Doorkeeper."



How Jack Kelly Faced Death Rather Than His Wife Should Suffer.

In the hall of the large house the young couple waited. With studied coolness Jack Kelly peered at one of the many glass cases that lined the walls, making the hall resemble a scientific museum.

After minutes that seemed hours the elderly scientist emerged from his laboratory and stood before them. For a moment he seemed to be struggling for utterance, then, ignoring the young man, he addressed his daughter.

"And so you have married against my wishes!" "Father!" she cried, wounded by his tone, "surely you—Listen while I explain!"

"I require no explanation," replied Professor Langham quietly. "You are of age. The law has given you power to defy my wishes, my solemn warnings. You have taken that power. The only question that now interests me is why you have come here."

In vain she pleaded; in vain she strove to reawaken the strong love her father had borne for her. The professor's only reply was a repetition of his question. It was Jack Kelly who answered it.

"Our first object in coming here, sir," he said firmly, "was to obtain your forgiveness for the wrong you think that we—that I have done to you. I know that Madge will never be happy so long as—"

"Your second object," demanded the Professor coolly.

"Was to ask you to—assist me in obtaining some employment which would enable me to support your daughter in a state of reasonable comfort."

At these words a change came over the scientist's face. He laughed mirthlessly.

"So you want employment, eh?" he asked ironically. "But I have been informed that a few years ago your father died and left you some three or four thousand pounds. Can you not use that as capital?"

"I—I lost it all!" stammered the young man weakly.

"Ah, you lost it!" echoed the scientist, with sarcastic sympathy. "Dear me! Some rascally solicitor robbed you, I dare say?"

"I lost it!" replied Jack Kelly, facing his father-in-law squarely. "I lost it on the racecourse and in the card-room—flung it away, if you prefer it."

"T-t-t-t! Sad, indeed! Sad, in-deed!" mocked the professor. "Ah, but come, you were led away by crafty rogues? I have no doubt that—your wife could prove conclusively that you were more sinned against than sinning. And now that I look more closely at you I perceive that your health, too, has suffered. My smattering of medical science tells me that you only endured the nervous strain of losing all that money by diligently fortifying yourself with—er—brandy. Brandy, Mr. Kelly. But perhaps your doctor ordered it?"

Jack Kelly shrank before the other's onslaught; but his voice was well controlled as he answered: "You may well taunt me, sir; I have been a fool and a blackguard. But that was before I won your daughter's love; since then, things have been different. All that I now ask is the chance of honest work."

Something in her father's face frightened Madge Kelly, for she broke in: "Father, listen! In a few weeks—in a few days almost—we shall be penniless. Even if you hate Jack, surely, for my sake—"

"For your sake," thundered the scientist in a frenzy of anger, "I will do nothing! You cast away a daughter's claim when you defied me. Henceforth you are nothing to me. Leave my house! Do you hear? Go! Go to the gambler and drunkard you have chosen for your husband!"

And so Jack Kelly, untrained and penniless, led his bride from her father's house into the outer world, to face the struggle for existence with the added burden of a sullied name.

The weeks passed, and their tiny capital was exhausted. In vain had Jack Kelly applied ceaselessly for work. No employer would engage him without previous references. One by one, at her urgent request, he had taken his wife's few trinkets to buy bread.

In those journeys to the pawnshop his re-born manhood suffered. In the agony of watching his loved one endure endless privations he atoned for the follies of the past. It was then that Fate, in part, relented.

One night he bounded almost boyishly into their dingy lodgings. Words were needless. His face alone told Madge that her husband had at last found work.

When she asked him what the work was he answered her evasively. He feared lest the truth might make her anxious on his behalf. Thus it remained his own secret that Jack Kelly had become a labourer in an ironworks.

It was not long before he secured notice. "When I see a man of college education working twelve hours a day at a dog's job, and looking as if he just loved it," mused the junior partner, who was a half-American, "I guess I've struck the genuine article!"

He was too good a business man to keep Jack Kelly as a mere labourer. He offered him a position on the travelling staff.

In six months' time Jack was averaging a little over five pounds a week. The dingy lodgings gave place to a tastefully furnished flat. For a year the average rose slowly but steadily, and then the blow fell.

It was an ordinary accident, the sort that happens by hundreds every week in a big city. He was crossing the road one week-end when he was struck by a passing motor-van. It did not kill him, but it fractured his shoulder. He would have to lie up for at least six months; he would have to resign his employment.

Of course they had some money saved. There was just enough to last for the six months with studious stinting. And then the firm wrote regretting that his post had been filled.

The soul-destroying struggle began all over again. Piece by piece the home disappeared until nothing but a mattress remained. They were served with a notice to quit the flat within seven days.

When the notice expired Madge Kelly, with a muffled sob, clung to her husband's arm, and together they passed from their home. Before them yawned the abyss of the underworld.

The hand of winter was upon the land. Professor Langham, working far into the night, looked up from his task of dissecting a serpent as the windows of his laboratory were shaken by an abnormally violent gust of wind.

"Confound that blizzard!" he muttered as the sleet and hail rattled against the panes. It made him feel oddly uneasy, though he could not have explained the reason.

"Strange!" he exclaimed a moment later, dropping his knife. "I distinctly experienced the illusion that someone was knocking on the front door. Absurd at this time. Why, it is past midnight! My nerves, I expect."

Five minutes later he sprang up suddenly. It was no illusion this time. The knocking was unmistakable, for it was upon the door of the laboratory in which he was working, the door that opened on to the garden.

Professor Langham was no physical coward. He strode to the door and flung it open. An instant later he fell back in amazement.

"You!" he exclaimed.

Into the laboratory stepped Jack Kelly, white with sleet. In his arms he carried the motionless form of his wife.

"She has fainted," he explained simply. And then, as he laid her upon an empty bench, he added simply: "From hunger and exhaustion! We have tramped from London!"

Professor Langham stared at his unconscious daughter and then at her husband. There was no sign of his former anger. Instead, he seemed to regard them with impersonal contempt.

"She will recover in a few minutes, and then you can take her away," he said curtly.

"She would die of exposure; she is starving!" muttered Jack Kelly hoarsely.

"She was certain to starve sooner or later the day she married you!" retorted the professor, with cold brutality.

"By Heaven, Mr. Langham," broke in Jack Kelly fiercely, "are you not content with the revenge that is yours already? You regard me as your enemy, and Fate has driven me a suppliant to your door!"

"Fate, with the assistance of the brandy bottle."

"There, Mr. Langham, you are mistaken!" said Jack Kelly, controlling his indignation at the insult.

"I told you once that your daughter's love had changed my life. I tell you now that since my marriage I have neither tasted alcohol nor gambled a penny. I tell you, for nearly two years I have kept my wife in comfort and decency, and that but for an accident I should be keeping her now. That accident has brought me to the degradation of begging from you for her sake!"

"And for your own!"

"My own! Good Heavens, I would rather die than beg of any man for myself!"

"Heroes!" sneered the professor. "Wait," he cried, with sudden excitement as the other protested, "you shall prove your words!"

Wondering, Jack Kelly allowed himself to be led to the bottom of the long laboratory. Before a narrow door, opening from it, the professor stopped. One of the panels of the door was of glass.

"Look in there!" cried the professor, his hand

shaking with excitement. "Do you see anything? Wait; I will fetch a light."

He caught up a high-power electric torch and held it against the glass. For a moment Jack Kelly could see nothing. Then, with a gasp of horror, he fell back. In the centre of the small, bare room was a huge cobra. Even as he looked the hideous reptile raised its hooded head and spat at the ray of light.

"That," said the professor, chuckling, "is the giant cobra of Nyassa. Its bite means certain death to any man. It is loose in that room."

"Well?" demanded Jack Kelly hoarsely.

"To redeem your boast that you would rather die than beg for yourself, enter that room. If you are killed I will look after your wife."

In spite of himself a cry of terror broke from Jack Kelly.

"You must give the reptile every chance," continued the professor calmly. "You must remain in the room for an hour. If—if, I say, you should happen to be alive at the end of that time, I will look after you as well as your wife. Your courage and your good fortune will have proved you worthy of help. If you refuse you will both leave my house in a few minutes."

Through clenched teeth Jack Kelly answered the professor. "I do not refuse."

"Then we had better get it over before your wife recovers consciousness."

For a moment Jack Kelly turned his back on the fatal door. He crossed over to where Madge still lay. Stifling a sob, he bent and kissed her.

"We—we have been happy together, you know," he said oddly as he again faced the professor.

"It is not yet too late for you to go on being happy," said the other, with a significant glance at the outer door.

"See that you keep your part of the bargain, Mr. Langham," cried Jack Kelly in reply. "I am about to keep mine."

With a sudden movement he rushed at the glass-panelled door, and before the professor realised it he had opened and slammed it behind him.

"Father!"

The professor started guiltily as he turned to find his daughter sitting upon the bench. She had recovered from her faint.

"Yes, my dear?" replied the professor. "What is it? There's nothing the matter."

Her woman's instinct perceived at once, from his strange manner, that something was amiss. She arose from the bench.

"Father, where has Jack gone? I heard him say something about keeping a bargain. Quick! Tell me, you are concealing something! I must know at once! What have you done to him?"

Her panic increased, and, without waiting for an answer, she called her husband's name loudly.

"Keep away, Madge! Keep her away, Mr. Langham! Remember your bargain!"

The words came muffled through the glass-panelled door at the bottom of the laboratory.

Madge rushed towards the door; but her father barred the way.

"Listen, Madge; you cannot go in there. There is a big, black cobra loose, and you would be—"

With a scream Madge Kelly slipped past her father and flung open the door.

For a moment the professor stared after her in amazement.

"They love each other right enough!" he muttered under his breath. "I was mistaken, that is all!"

He strolled into the little room himself. Madge was clinging frenziedly to her husband. In the corner of the room the giant cobra of Nyassa writhed and spat impotently. He seized the snake behind the hood, and, with a deft movement, flung it into a big box.

"A bite from that cobra means certain death," he said slowly—"as long as it possesses its poison fang. Its poison fang was extracted yesterday. You, Mr. Kelly, did not know that. You have therefore kept your bargain. I will keep mine!"

And Professor Langham kept it handsomely. He has atoned for his sad misjudgment.

"Yes," said the shopkeeper, "I want a good, bright boy, to be partly indoors and partly outdoors."

"That's all right," said the applicant; "but what becomes of me when the door slams?"

SAT ON.

WALKING along a country road one day two city youths met an old man whom they thought they would have a little fun with at his expense.

"Watch me take a rise out of this old chap," said one to the other. "Say, my man," said he, "can you tell me the meaning of the word 'nothing'?"

"Bedad, I'm sure I don't know, young fellow," came the reply, "but you'll find it in the place where your brains ought to be."

The city youth asked no more conundrums.



Dangers Which Beset a Flapper When She Goes to the Briny for Her Summer Holidays.

Girls do things during their annual fortnight at the seaside which they would not dream of doing during the rest of the year. Sometimes, too, they bitterly regret what they have done and wish they could recall the days gone by.

The fact is that the average girl, be she a dainty flapper of sixteen or a pretty young lady of twenty-two, looks upon those fourteen days by the sea as days in which to have a jolly good time.

She packs up and gaily leaves the cares of work behind. For the next fortnight she is going to forget there is such a thing as shorthand or typing or factory, and to remember that there are pierrots, piers, trips on the sea, and all the rest of the attractions by the seaside.

If there are one or two young fellows at her boarding-house who will help to give her a good time, well, all the better. A mild flirtation never did anyone harm, thinks she!

She is out to be "naughty" in fact, not really wicked, but just to do those things at which Mrs. Grundy would hold up her hands in horror, and which she has had no desire to do during the rest of the year. If a dashing young k-nut raises his hat politely when she is strolling along the promenade and offers to take her on the pier to listen to the band she is more likely than not to accept his offer. It is so much nicer to have someone to talk to, than to walk about by oneself.

In Town She would be Insulted.

She doesn't stay to think that she has never seen that particular young man before, or that in any other circumstances she would have considered it an insult to be spoken to without an introduction. She only feels that she is doing something naughty, and it is nice to be so—at the seaside!

Accordingly she goes on the pier and chats away merrily and thoroughly enjoys herself, for the young man is so attractive, so different from the men in the office who have hardly a smile for her when she passes them on the stairs.

And before she knows it she has entered into a violent flirtation with him. They have had their photographs taken together, they have been out in a boat together, and whispered sweet nothings to each other; and they have bathed and romped in the sea with one another.

Now, there is nothing wrong in having your photograph taken with a man's arm round your waist. There is nothing wrong in bathing with dozens of people around you. Nor is there any reason why you should not go for spoony walks together.

But that photograph may turn up unexpectedly in after years, and a wrong construction be put upon it. The seaside girl merely thought it was a bit of fun at the time, but that few minutes' fun may mean years of tragedy to her afterwards, for when she really does become engaged she will find her lover is jealous of the attentions of other men, whether those attentions were paid before they became engaged or not.

Broken Hearts are Left Behind.

Flirting at the seaside is more dangerous than anywhere else. For one thing a girl who flirts with a man in a town may only see him once or twice a week, but the one she flirts with at the seaside she sees every day. Under such circumstances, matters develop very rapidly, and although she may not be serious herself, she may leave a broken heart behind her.

It must not be forgotten, too, that a girl meets far more men as a rule in her fortnight than she meets in town. They are all there to have a good time, whether it is at her expense or not. They will spoon with her, promise her anything and everything without a thought for the morrow.

Many girls go down to the seaside with no one to look after them, no one to give them a warning word. It is far easier to have a good time than to be prim and proper. After all, she says to herself, no one need ever know!

It is that "no one need ever know," which is more likely to make a girl at the seaside naughty

than anything else. She is always ready for "high jinks," whether it is midnight bathing, which is on the increase at many seaside resorts, or whether it is a ragtime dance at the boarding-house with "the boys." And once she has let herself go it is very hard to pull up.

In the shops the majority of postcards she sees suggest ideas that never occur to her during the working months of the year. They show couples spooning on the beach in the moonlight, girls giving the glad-eye to admirers on the pier, or showing just a dainty ankle and a little white lace as they go along the promenade. All these things, too, she sees for herself. Other girls in the boarding-house are having a good time, and she knows that she would be looked upon as very high and mighty if she didn't join in.

"There's Something in the Seaside Air."

But though there are so many inducements at the seaside to make a girl shock Mrs. Grundy, she should always remember that she has got to go back to town. It requires an effort, when occasion arises, for the fresh and gay surroundings, the invigorating sea air, the general atmosphere of delightful happiness are apt to intoxicate a girl and distort her proper view of things.

The seaside is so unconventional. Things that would shock her mind in her town seem quite harmless and natural under the influence of the seaside. She sees what everybody else is doing—and a strange, reckless impulse seizes her to throw convention aside and do likewise.

One cannot expect her to be dull and bored—she has gone away to enjoy herself. But as the self-restraint of fifty weeks is removed temporarily, there is a danger of the "naughtiness" getting too strong for her and turning her head.

That is the thing to guard against.

"TOMMY," said the careful mother, "do I actually see you playing with your soldiers on the Sabbath day?"

"Oh, that's all right, ma," replied the young hopeful; "this is the Salvation Army!"

"I've come to ask for your daughter's hand, Mr. Herr," said young Waller nervously.

"Oh, well, you can't have it," said Herr. "I'm not doing out my daughter on the instalment system. When you feel that you can support the whole girl you may call again."

"THAT'S a nasty cut you've got over the eye, old man. How did it happen?"

"The wife and I had a few words this morning, that's all."

"But she used to be such a shy girl before you were married."

"So she is now; she's always shying, and she's a good shot, too!"

THAT COLD TUB!

MANY people persist in having a cold bath every morning when it is not doing them any good. If you do not feel warm after your morning tub, then you had better give up having it.

Your cold tub is not taken so much for the sake of cleanliness as for the invigorating effect it has, and unless you feel that effect it would be wise to take some other form of exercise in the morning.

Cold water gives one a slight shock to the nerves, which has the effect of waking up all the muscles of the body, as it were. It also makes the tiny veins, close to the surface of the skin, smaller.

The closing up of these small veins increases the resistance of the blood to the pumping action of the heart. The heart makes a greater effort than usual to overcome this resistance, and beats more rapidly and strongly.

As a result the blood runs more swiftly through the veins and gives you that warm glow which should be felt after a cold bath. It is this action which stimulates and does you good. If you remain cold and shivering after the bath, then you are getting no good out of it and should stop it at once.

If you do take a cold tub, never stand in the water hesitating to plunge right into it. The best way the way cold water will do you most good is by means of a shower bath. If you haven't got a shower bath, then plunge your head into the cold water first and then get in and cover your whole body as quickly as possible.

Above all things, don't stay in too long. Rub yourself thoroughly and briskly with rough towels when you come out. It helps to bring on that warm glow which does you so much good.

"I COULD HARDLY STRUGGLE UP FROM MY CHAIR."

"It is four years now since Doan's Backache Kidney Pills cured me of lumbago," says Mrs. A. Gubby, of 146 Western Road, Southall, "and I have never had an attack since."

"All through the summer, before I started with the pills, I had one long succession of lumbago attacks. The pain in my back and loins was frightful; many a time it nearly brought me to my knees. I could hardly struggle up from my chair after sitting a few minutes. It was misery trying to turn over in bed at night."

I found relief almost at once on using Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, although I had tried all kinds of things before without getting much relief. After four or five boxes of the Pills I could stoop about without any pain or discomfort; there was no sign of lumbago. My advice to anyone who suffers as I did is to give these pills a trial. (Signed) Mrs. A. Gubby."

Lumbago is a rheumatic condition of the muscles or nerves of the back and loins, caused by uric acid left in the blood by weak kidneys. A thorough course of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills will remove the excess uric acid and gently lead the kidneys back to health. This medicine is invaluable in cases of backache, rheumatism, gravel, dropsy, stone, and all kidney disorders.

2/9 a box, or six boxes, 13/9, of all dealers, or from Foster-McClellan Co., 8 Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Don't ask for backache or kidney Pills, ask for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, the same as Mrs. Gubby had.



Even if I
is
sticky,
it's

MACKINTOSH'S
TOFFEE-
DE-LUXE.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE GIRL
on the cover of the AUGUST

ROYAL MAGAZINE?

She is very attractive, so are the pages throughout

It is a

SPECIAL SEASIDE NUMBER.

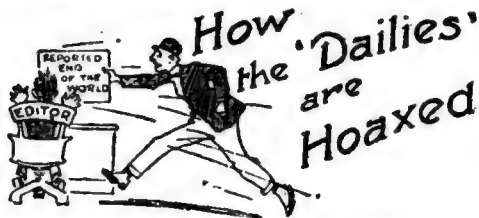
and costs 4½d.

32 Tumblers for 4½d.

Eiffel Tower
Lemonade
Delicious home-made Lemonade. Pure, Refreshing, Healthful.
Produced solely from Lemons and Sugar.
Try it.

The Best Summer Drink.

Ladies! See the special article on hot weather puddings in this week's HOME NOTES. He will like them!



Scurvy Tricks on the Part of the Penny-a-Liner.

ONE of the most elaborate hoaxes that has been played upon the newspapers of recent years was perpetrated a short time ago when a "fatal accident" to an airman, Mr. C. B. Fairbairns, was reported broadcast.

Drawn blinds, bereaved parents, letters, telegrams, a gallant attempt to save life, pluck, endurance, disaster, resurrection, death, re-appearance, and finally, disappearance, were only a few of the salient features in this remarkable story.

No Ascent, No Death, No Aviator.

Originally, as circulated by the great agencies which supply the newspapers with their information, it was to the effect that when an aviator flew a waterplane from Brooklands to Shoeburyness and was 1,000 feet up in the air the machine dipped and fell into the sea. In a boat, proceeded this sensational report, 200 or 300 yards distant, was a friend, who raised the top of the "conning tower" of the machine, but he could not get Mr. Fairbairns out, and the machine sank with him.

Into the great newspaper offices confused reports, assertions, and denials began to pour, and then, finally, everybody had to admit that the whole thing was a hoax. There had been no ascent, no

death, no aviator, no disappearance, and the cruel work was engineered by some practical joker or, more probably, by a penny-a-liner—which means a man who supplies news he picks up to the papers and the news agencies at a remuneration of so much a line.

The members of the latter fraternity are now, happily, becoming extinct. Happily, because they have been responsible in the past for the circulation of stories, having no foundation in fact, which have caused unspeakable pain and annoyance to the people most intimately concerned; stories which have tended to destroy the faith of the public in the integrity of the Press, and which have sometimes mulcted the newspapers in big sums for damages.

A Sack of Human Remains.

Some years ago the country was thrown into a state of great excitement by the discovery of a sack containing human remains which was found under one of the Thames bridges in London.

The case presented all the elements of a mysterious crime, and a heap of detectives and amateur investigators were busy night and day trying to probe the puzzle.

Later on it transpired that a body had been procured from an adjacent hospital by a group of penny-a-liners, placed in the sack, and deposited in a position where one of their number could observe its discovery and send a signal to his confederates, who circulated the details of this "sensational story," which had been written beforehand, to all the papers.

Who does not remember the circumstantial account which was published some years ago in nearly every newspaper to the effect that Richmond

Hill, in Surrey, one of the most beautiful places in England, was slipping away?

There were published leading articles, editorial notes, stories with big headlines, and thousands upon thousands visited the place one Sunday to behold a scene of devastation and express their regret at what was described broadcast as a national calamity, only to find that they had been hoaxed. The work was that of a penny-a-liner.

"King Edward Held Up!"

To this day the Metropolitan Police have not forgiven the perpetrator of the hoax which concerned the late King. His Majesty was motoring through Brentford, and for the fraction of a second, so to speak, his car was stopped by a coal cart which emerged from the gas-works.

A penny-a-liner who was lounging about saw the incident, rushed off to London with the news, and the evening papers were soon issuing great posters to the effect that the King had been "held up" in Brentford.

Frantic messages from Scotland Yard poured into the local police-station, and when the explanation was given, in many sheets of official reports and many wires and personal statements, it might have gone hard with the ingenious "flimsy merchant" had the inspector in charge laid hold of him.

In the strict sense of the term the Press agent cannot be called a penny-a-liner, but he is as great an adept at hoaxing the newspapers. So when you read stories of sensational jewel robberies from actresses, music-hall artistes being shot at while driving home in their motor-cars, equestriennes employed at circuses riding in daring dresses and bumping into Cabinet ministers in Rotten Row, take them with a grain of salt.

LINE-RICKS!

NO ENTRY
FEE.

Prizes of £10 and £5 and 10 of £1.

LINE-RICKS is a simple rhyming competition that should appeal to every reader of P.W. You take any one line in this copy of P.W.—it doesn't matter if it is in the reading matter or in the advertisements—and you make up a second line to rhyme with it.

To show you exactly what is meant, you will find on page 152, column 3, line 19, the line:

"Among masculine travellers, I am sorry to say,"
and you add a second rhyming line, such, for example, as:

"Giving seats to the ladies is on the decay."

You can, if you like, choose your line from one of the titles of the articles or stories in this number. Suppose you choose the title to the story on page 156:

"For the sake of his wife"

Then you could add the line:

"A 'man' will lose his life."

You may choose a line from the advertisement columns if you wish. Here is a line taken from the back page of the red cover, line 17:

"Rubber heels and tips"

and you add a second line:

"Save walkers many slips."

Such a couplet as this we call a Line-rick.

Now set to work to make a Line-rick.

To the reader from whom the Editor receives what is considered to be the best Line-rick will be awarded the first prize of £10. Other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. In the event of ties, prizes will be divided.

When you have chosen your line, write it in full on the coupon below, together with the number of page, column, and line, then fill in your second rhyming line, your name and address, and put it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and post to arrive not later than first post Tuesday morning, August 5th. Mark your envelope "Line-rick No. 4" in the top left-hand corner.

You may send in as many attempts as you like, provided each is on a separate coupon.

LINE-RICK No. 4.

Page..... Column..... Line.....

Line chosen

Rhyming line

I agree to abide by the decision published in "*Pearson's Weekly*" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "*Pearson's Weekly*."

Name

Address

RESULT OF LINE-RICKS No. 1.

The first prize of £10 has been awarded to:
J. MARTIN, 71 Shamrock Street, Glasgow, for the line:

Line chosen—Healing force.

Rhyming line—Ma's kiss, of course.

The second prize of £5 has been awarded to:
JAMES EDWARDS, Ingleburne Lodge, Malmesbury.

Prizes of £1 each have been awarded to the following ten competitors.

Charles Platt, 60 Stapleton Rd., S.W.
H. G. Campbell, 49 North Gardens, Brighton.
Miss E. Viggars, 35 North St., Newcastle, Staffs.
Alfred Oakley, 50 Butler Rd., Harrow.
H. J. Downes, 30 St. Fillans Rd., Catford, S.E.
G. E. Young, 4 Marmion Rd., Hove.
J. H. Webb, 57 Southampton Rd., Northampton.
Mabel Martin Miss, Hotel Metropole, Northumberland Avenue, London.
J. Close, White House, Brandon, near Durham.
Miss E. Simpkins, 46 Hereford Rd., Bayswater, W.

Here Are Some of the Very Clever Attempts Sent in.

"But this is going a bit too far,"

The airman remarked who bumped into a star.

Complete Short Story

"Bather," "Shark"—"Glory."

Mother's heart softened Daddy's hand,

Yet still the boy prefers to stand.

Little Nora (aged eight, to Edith, aged ten).

"Does Daddy put words in his fountain pen?"

Being used to light a fire,

Petrol shifted Mary higher.

This may sound extraordinary, but really I think
When in debt friends advance—only theory, not chink.

"I knew you were coming" was all she said,
When she saw a grey hair in her ringlets of red.

"So you've come at last?" the father said
To the little bald patch which appeared on his head.

A little smile stole round his lips
As he and the jam-pot came to grips.

I have never been able to make up my mind,
But to say that I "make up" my face is unkind.

YOU'RE HOTTEST WHEN A BABY!

THE heat of the body varies at different ages and different times of the day. Except when you are suffering from fever you are never so hot as when you are born.

The temperature of a new-born baby is about 102 degrees, but during the first day it rapidly goes down to 97½ degrees, rising again to a little above the average temperature of a grown-up person, which is about 98½ degrees.

The heat of your body varies as much as two degrees in twenty-four hours. The minimum is reached about four o'clock in the morning, when your vitality is at its lowest, and the maximum about four in the afternoon. People who work by night and sleep during the day, however, are coldest in the afternoon and warmest in the early morning.

In hot countries the heat of the blood is slightly above the average, and in cold countries slightly below that in temperate climates. People in Norway, which is cold, have an average temperature of 97½ degrees, for example.

Exertion generally sends up the heat of the blood, whether it is physical or mental exertion. The blood of a runner, after a hard race, is over two degrees hotter than usual.

It is a remarkable fact that we nearly always die if our blood varies more than a few degrees either way. A temperature below 95 degrees or above 106 degrees is generally fatal.

JUDGE: "It seems to me I've seen you before."

Prisoner: "You have, my lord, I used to give your daughter singing lessons."

Judge: "Fourteen years."

HE DIDN'T CARE.

A YOUNGSTER one day climbed up a very steep waterspout attached to his parents' house to get at a nest in search of birds' eggs. He was successful and was walking away with his companion when a gentleman who had watched his dangerous feat stopped him, and said:

"My boy, I was sorry to see you risk your life for such a paltry thing. What would have happened if the spout had given way?"

"Oh," said the lad unconcernedly, "it would have mattered much; we're going to leave the house to-morrow."

SAID Timmos sadly: "Something I said to my wife some days ago so offended her she hasn't spoken to me since."

"Old chap," returned Henpeck, with painful eagerness, "would you mind telling me what it was you said?"

You want Juliet to love you, Romeo? Well, buy her this week's HOME NOTES!

FRESH AIR FUND FIGURES.

THIS week we publish another splendid list of subscriptions to the FRESH AIR FUND. Every ninepence pays for one child. Have you sent yours yet?

Amounts previously acknowledged, £2,968 3s. 6d.

W. C. Punchard, £10; Capt. Duncan, £8 2s.; S. W. Dixon, £2 2s.; R. Burge, 9d.; Sergt. Legg, 9d.; E. P. Walker, 2s. 6d.; John Clark, £1 6s. 6d.; 8-32, Palmer's Green, 5s.; H. Dyson, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Hawley, 9d.; A. Cooke, 9d.; J. Arnold, 1s. 6d.; G. P. Brighton, 9d.; H. E. Beckwith, 10s.; A. R. Douglas, 10s.; H. C. G. 10s.; W. C. Ash, 3s.; D. C. Chamberlain, 3s.; Anon, 10s.; A. M. M., 3s.; Capt. Kelsall, £1 5s.; Mrs. Moniet, £1 1s.; M. V. M., 2s. 6d.; J. 10s.; Beatrice, Lytham, 1s. 6d.; Four Trappers, £1; Robsonium, 3s.; B., £1; J. N. G., 2s. 3d.; Anon, 6s. 9d.; J. Cockayne-Frith, 6s.; Peter and Andrew, 1s. 6d.; Luther, 5s.; Iris, 9d.; C. P. J., 2s. 6d.; J. F. A. L., 10s.; T. T. Cocking, 16s. 11d.; Anon, 5s.; Roses, 2s.; Mrs. Yornth, 1s.; J. G. Strickland, £1 1s.; Anon, 2s. 6d.; Tea Money, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Catchpole, 9d.; H. F. Place, 5s. 3d.; Mrs. Falehaw, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Lacey, 2s. 6d.; M. E. Grundy, 1s.; Nita, Harold, and Norah Hill, £1 1s.; G. B. Longden, £1 1s.; Miss E. White, 10s.; A. Mite, 1s.; Miss Rogers, 1s.; Sinbad, 5s.; R. F. C., 5s.; Mrs. Sharpe, 1s. 6d.; Miss M. Cooper, 1s.; A. E. Spooner, 3s.; A. Lover of Children, 10s.; Mrs. Davie, £1; Mrs. F. Wells, 5s.; Dorothy Tanden, 1s. 6d.; M. J. R., 2s. 6d.; J. V. Brown, 1s. 6d.; E. C. N. Palmer, £2; A. Maidment, 1s. 6d.; Miss C. M. Bowen, 10s.; A. Draper's Assistant, 4s. 6d.; H. C. Ward, £1 1s.; Mrs. Coles, 10s.; A. D., £1; Little Sandy and his Sissee, 1s. 6d.; Miss E. A. Hamilton, £1 16s.; Ookiep, 5s.; B. B., 12s.; Mrs. Croft, £2; Ahmee Ben Ami, 6s.; Maizypop, 9d.; Petite, 3s.; Anon, 2s. 6d.; M. A. Staggs, 10s.; H. W., 1s.; T. M., 9d.; Lieut. A. Stileman, £1 1s.; Mrs. Henderson, 3s.; Gourcock, 2s. 6d.; Miss J. White, £1; Miss E. Mitchell-Molyneux, £5; C. J. and E. Battle, 13s.; E. H. H., 9d.; Mrs. Johnston, 9d.; H. W. Pulleyn, 10s.; F. Dunn, 9d.; W. G. K., 10s.; Nottingham, 16s. 6d.; Miss Byrne, £5; Mrs. John Carlisle, £1; Hodgkinson, 10s. 6d.; C. Palmer, 9d.; Three Jolly Campers, 3s.; Roy, 9d.; Nurse E. K., 5s.; Jim Steel, 1s.; E. Smith, 9d.; Treg, 3s.; Mrs. Boycott, 11s. 6d.; Anon, 6s. 8d.; Caged Bird, 5s.; C. F., 4s. 9d.; E. F. Congden, 1s. 6d.; F. W. Stone, 3s.; F. Denton, 10s.; G. O. P., 1s. 6d.; J. H. F., 1s.; The Misses Mitchell, 7s. 6d.; Humphreys, 5s.; Eric Macall, 9d.; Mrs. B. Whitaker, £1; A. Worker, 4s.; A. Lover of Children, 5s. 3d.; Working Man, 1s.; M. Fisher, 2s. 3d.; Rev. W. Emmet, 5s.; Mrs. Strauss, 1s. 6d.; Anon, 3s.; L. D. Gosling, £2 2s.; Two of H.M.S. Mosquito, 4s. 6d.; Corpls. Orman and Archer, 2s. 3d.; Old Boots, 2s.; Mrs. Hamblin, 1s. 6d.; T. Fisher, 9d.; Mrs. Ginger, 1s.; J. R. Govan, 10s.; A. Blunden, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. H. Rundle, 10s.; A. Well Wieher, 1s. 6d.; A. G. Staple, 2s. 3d.; A. Todd, 9d.; E. B. B., 3s.; Bertie Pike, 1s. 6d.; F. E. Wootton, 5s. 3d.; E. Jefferson, 6s.; Spokeshave, 9d.; Mrs. Carr, £1 11s.; Mrs. F. C. Hare, 10s.; C. S. Peirce-Duncombe, £5; Phylan, 2s. 6d.; S. A. P., 3s.; X. Y. Z., 3s. 6d.; May, 1s. 6d.; With Granny's Love, 3s.; Mrs. MacKinlay, 2s. 6d.; S. Adams, 7s. 6d.; Teacher, 5s.; Miss A. Mellanby, 5s.; R. Dickinson, 1s.; P. H. Leebirel, 1s. 6d.; T. Livesay, £1 1s.; J. G. Maddox & Son, 10s. 6d.; S. A. P., 3s.; Mrs. Wylde-Browne, 10s.; A. Lover of Children, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. Reeves, £2 2s.; Miss Johnson, 5s.; Mrs. M. Gates, 1s. 6d.; A. B. C., 1s. 6d.; A. Reader of P.W., 4s. 1d.; Miss C. C. Bird, £1 1s.; A. Needham, 3s.; G. Thomson, 1s.; M. K. C., 2s.; Mrs. F. Briggs, 3s.; Three Servants, 3s.; Miss E. M. Crook, 10s.; Mrs. M. Moody, 10s.; Ecalp, 5s. 3d.; R. Peel, £2; E. McGuire, 1s. 6d.; K. and S. Le Page, 10s.; Mac, 12s.; Miss M. Lewes, 1s. 6d.; L. McL., 3s.; M. Metcalf, 3s.; Jude Milgate, 1s. 6d.; Anon, 3s.; A. Hope, 3s.; W. R. Wood, 1s.; H. A. Smyth, 10s.; A. Member of Commercial Sale Rooms, £2 2s.; F. Hinds, 9d.; E. B. C., Ben Rhydding, 2s. 8d.; Skittles, 1s. 6d.; B. Bacon, 9d.; Per Mrs. Keppel, 5s.; E. M. Booty, 4s.; Lieut. R. Thompson, £1 1s.; F. A. P., 1s.; Miss K. Bryan, 5s.; Three Leigh Sea Scouts, 10s.; G. B., 9d.; Billie, 6d.; Eddie Pratt, 2s. 3d.; Mrs. Harford, £2 1s.; F. Owen, 1s.; G. L. 9d.; Mrs. Goodearl, 1s. 6d.; A. Morris, 6d.; W. Meade, 9d.; Miss Goddard, 9d.; Miss Burgess, 2s. 6d.; Friend, 1s.; Miss B. Peel, 5s.; Miss E. Diplock, 10s.; Anon, 2s. 6d.

COLLECTED.—The Globe and Phoenix Mins, per H. W. T., £14 9s. 6d.; At Various Concerts on the s.s. *Ascania*, per Captain Chrimmes, £6 2s. 9d.; Employees of G. T. C. & Sons, per R. Adams, 19s. 6d.; M. P. Keeley, 3s.; A. Spencer and F. Hardy, 5s. 6d.; Sergts. Mess, Artillery Barracks, Pretoria, £1; T. A. Brindley, £1 5s. 6d.; Nourse Mins, Ltd., per J. Crawley, £13; Officers of H.M.S. *Active*, per R. Hall, £1; Sunday Collection at Mount Arlington, 15s.; A. L. Simms, 10s. 3d.; P. Harris, 4s. 6d.; Cadbury, Pratt, & Co., per R. H. Geddes, £1 1s.; Aboyeur, 9s. 6d.; Percy Collingham, £1 17s. 6d.; Arnot St. School Mag., 2s. 6d.; S. Sergts., 1st Brigade R.F.A., Buddon, 18s.; J. E. Tobitt, 2s. 3d.; H. H. Jennings, £1 1s.; Miss F. Mason, 10s. 6d.; Tonman the Monkey, £1; W. Johnston, H.M.S. *Russell*, 10s.; On the s.s. *Urutlu*, by W. E. Potter, £1; W. H. Rosewarne, 7s.; Leasowe Campers, 10s.; Staff of Ranelagh Club, Barnes, per F. Braun, £1 10s.; Miss H. Leverton, 3s.; Engineering Dept. Drawing Staff, Chatham Dockyard, 15s.; Capt. T. Caddington, 9s. 3d.; Drawing Office, Elswick Shipyard, per G. Denham, £6 7s. 6d.; Messrs. Barney & Sons, 19s.; Mrs. G. Meager, 4s. 6d.; Sergts. Mess, A.S.C., Dublin, J. Lloyd, 3s. 6d.; R.E. N.C.O.'s Mess, Napier Lines, per Sergt. McKinley, £1 0s. 6d.; Offertory, Flower Service at Exton, 12s. 6d.; Captain and Passengers of Cunard Liner *Ascania*, £8 8s.

Grand (P.W.) Total, £3,146 15s. 10d.

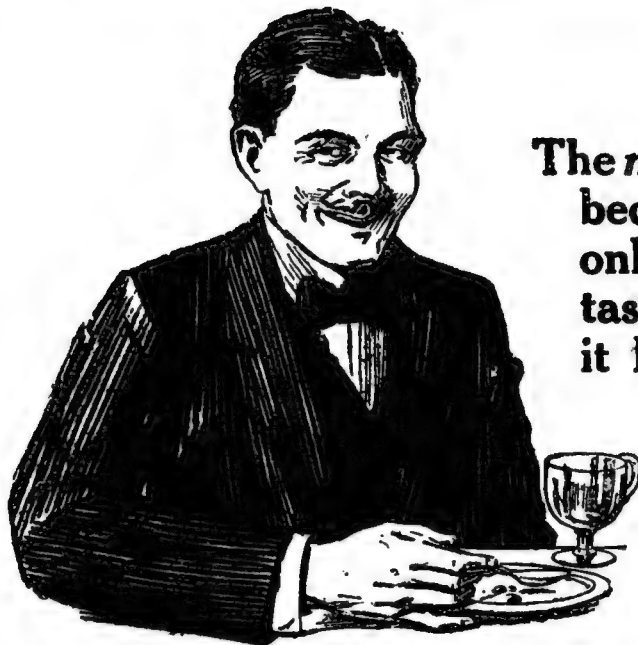
Cheques and money orders should be made payable to the Fresh Air Fund, and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper. Collecting forms may be had on application.

GAS CAUGHT HERE.

SARAH, the new maid, was unused to town ways. One day soon after her arrival her mistress noticed a pail hanging from the gas bracket in the hall. Suspecting the country girl, she called Sarah and asked what it all meant.

"Well, you see, ma'am," replied Sarah, "the master said the gas was leaking, so I put up the pail to catch it."

What is $\frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{2}{3}$ of 3s. 4d.? When you have got the result send it to the Fresh Air Fund.



The men like **BIRD'S**—because it is the only Custard that tastes as good as it looks!



Nothing whets the appetite like enjoyable food, and few people need telling nowadays that Bird's Custard is the most enjoyable of all dinner sweets—as delicious with pudding and pie, as with the stewed fruits in season.

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HIS WOMAN OF MYSTERY

*The Story of a Man Who Went Through
Fire and Water for the Sake of Love.*

By T.
ARTHUR
PLUMMER.

CHAPTER XXXIX. The Document of Death.

In that bizarre drawing-room were two people—a man and a woman. The man stood watching whilst the woman read. An envelope lay on the floor unheeded; it was inscribed:

"To Sir Beresford Farren; to be opened only in the event of my meeting a violent death."

Through the window, which was slightly open, there came the jingle of a bell upon a horse's collar, the hoot of a motor-horn, and the rhythm of the tap, tap of the horse's feet upon the hard road.

The writing upon the paper, although somewhat cramped, was, unlike the hand of most busy men, exceedingly legible. It ran as follows:

"Women alone are supposed to be possessed of an intuitive gift, yet I have a presentiment that soon something of a strange nature is going to happen. To-day I have quarrelled with you, Beresford; we parted in anger, but by the time you read these lines all will be well, for I go in the firm belief that from beyond the Border I shall know all.

"To-morrow I am going to see Madame Cyvanie, this woman who has entered your life, who has been the cause of this rift. It isn't because of that, however, that I am writing these lines.

"After I left you to-day I went straight into my library; it was dark; I heard a sound, saw a flash, saw a hand creeping towards the window fastener—someone was breaking into the house, I left the library and returned armed. It was no ordinary burglar; the knowledge was firmly implanted in my mind that an attempt was to be made on my life.

"I was right. I had an interview with the gentleman; I knew him of old—Pietro Pasca—the man who has made several attempts on your life! Spite of my efforts to detain him, he got clear away. Now as to the reason (after several warnings) of this attempt. This man is a fanatic, devoted to the cause of his master, whom you know as Count Dorrelli, and whom I openly insulted and caused to be ostracised; this might have influenced Pasca; on the other hand, he might have been influenced by the fact that I knew too much about his master and his cause.

"For some time I have had the honour to count amongst my most personal friends his Majesty the King of Bovonia. Our friendship started in a most singular way.

"During my term of office as Ambassador at Rome a Royal visit was paid by the King of Bovonia. The streets were packed with people loyal to their own King and anxious to see his Royal guest. You know how quickly these things are done—something bright in the sunlight—a revolver in a man's hand; a report; the bullet whizzed harmlessly through the air, I had knocked the miscreant's arm up with my sword. The Royal carriage had stopped, but in the confusion the would-be assassin had got away.

"That man was the one who broke into my house to-day—Pasca. His Majesty was looking straight at me, then his eyes wandered along the lines of people and stopped, an expression of mingled pain and astonishment in them. My eyes, too, wandered along the lines to the person on whom his Majesty's glance was fixed—it was the individual you know as 'Count Dorrelli.' His real name is 'Carnero,' a Bovonian.

"The incident closed; after all, incidents of this kind are not uncommon, and a fortnight passed away. I received a letter bearing the Royal Arms of the House of Bovonia; it was an invitation written by command of the King himself, an invitation to call at the Royal Palace. I did so, and held an audience with his Majesty—an old man broken with grief. I was decorated—you've seen the decoration, Beresford. I called again and again, and grew to know him well, and once he told me the following—there is no secret about it; it is common property in Bovonia, although it had not till then reached my ears.

"Count Carnero is the 'natural' son of the King. For some while his agents have been sowing the seeds of discontent and revolution in the country; there are thousands who know and love Carnero, and would die to help to place him where

he would have had the right to be in due course, but for an accident of birth, at the head of the country—either on the Throne or as President of a first Republic.

"That was the only attempt that has ever been made on the Royal person of his Majesty, although numerous ones have been made on that of the heir-apparent, the son of the King's Consort, who was born a year after Count Carnero, a profligate, a loose-liver, a scoundrel. One of the attempts was successful"—the sheet quivered in the woman's hand. "Prince Luigi met the death he undoubtedly deserved; the woman you love was mixed up in that; the woman whom, for your sake, my boy, I am going to see, to plead with to give you up. Count Carnero has, and always has had, a deep-rooted affection for his father, an affection which the old man returns ten-fold, and his Majesty was convinced that the attempted assassination was carried out without the sanction of his son.

"The impression which the aged King left with me was that, had it not been for the Throne itself, the Throne that has been held by his line since the first accession, he would have welcomed a revolution that would have honoured a man fitted to reign a thousand times better than the profligate Luigi; but pride in his family kept these human thoughts in the background.

"Luigi is dead, and the King's nephew is heir in his stead. The old King has extracted a promise that I will never willingly do anything to harm his son, and that promise I pass on to you to keep. Things will soon be decided one way or another; even as I write news has come through that a revolution is hinted at in Bovonia. To-morrow I am going to see that 'Woman of Mystery'—how much she knows of this I can't guess, nor how she is mixed up with Carnero. I am going to see her, and then perhaps I shall know what kind of woman she is to whom my son would give an honoured name.

"Beresford, good-bye; we parted in anger, but the fault was no more yours than mine, and if there is anything to forgive, rest assured it is forgiven."

"After she'd finished reading she stood for quite a long while staring at the paper; there was a set expression of pain on her face, her eyes were hard, tearless. Then she folded the letter and gave it back to him.

"It was there your father saw me—had he remembered it," she said in a level monotone, "at the attempted assassination of the King of Bovonia. And now I have to take the story up, Beresford. You shall know everything. It can do no harm now, a day or two will decide who is to reign in Bovonia; fighting has already commenced; the revolutionists will fight as well without the presence of Carnero as with it; they need no incentive, their cause is enough, and Carnero dead their cause totters; so against his will he remains here in England until the end. And now—"

She walked about the apartment; involuntarily the thought came into Farren's mind that he had never seen her look more beautiful, had never seen so much that was tragedy in those deep, deep hazel eyes. Then she spoke; she sat down, her knees crossed, her fingers clasped about them, staring into the blaze of the fire.

"My mother was English," she said. "She died just after my birth." Her eyes left the blaze and rested on the ring on her finger; unconsciously she laid her lips to it. "She came of a good English stock. My father was a degenerate of one of the oldest and noblest Italian families, a wonderful musician. My mother didn't long survive her marriage.

"I was put in an English convent until I was sixteen,

Our August Bank Holiday
Double Number will
contain the first
instalment of a
new serial
entitled—

"A QUEEN OF THIEVES."
It will
be out
NEXT
FRIDAY.

my father came to visit me once, and (I suppose) was struck by my beauty"—she said this in a manner that robbed it of anything objectionable—"he took me away, to 'see the world,' he said; I was tired of the convent's restrictions, and was only too glad to go.

"He had my voice trained; and then I learned why it was he was anxious to take me to 'see the world.' I was used as a decoy—it's such an old story—to entrap men into playing cards to their ruin. I didn't really mind. I thought it great fun, though they were fools and deserved it. It was only later, when I grew older, that I understood how awful it was—my beauty to be made a bait to ensnare men, moths to the candle.

"But I couldn't shake myself free from my father; I ran away several times; he always followed and managed to find me. I was dragged by this adventurer over half Europe. He could have grown rich, but money came easily to him and left him just as easily.

"It was near this time he fell in with Count Dorrelli and became a member of a circle that had the interests of his Majesty's 'natural' son at heart; but in my father's case it was because he thought he saw a new way of making money, and, by my father, I, too, was forced to join. That was where he made the mistake—he thought it was one of those stupid, trivial affairs that he could clear out of when he wished, but to his cost he found he had completely enmeshed himself—found that not only were there the few in that select circle, whose headquarters were at that house in Naples, but thousands in Bovonia who would deem it an honour to be allowed to give their last drop of blood in the service of Count Carnero."

"But the document that Carnero holds?"

"In that document there is a minute description of each of the members of this select circle, and their signatures."

"In addition, what does it contain?"

His face was white, for he began to have a vague idea.

"An oath to do all in our power to kill any member, save the King himself, of the Royal House of Bovonia."

CHAPTER XL. Conclusion.

"God!"

"Ah! Don't turn from me. I didn't fully understand what it was, the awful enormity of it at the time."

It was some minutes before she could continue.

"The King is an old man; if his Majesty were the only one left Dorrelli thought he would possibly abdicate in his favour. It was only of late, when Dorrelli realised how futile the task was to wipe the entire family out, that the revolution was mooted.

"Prior to our joining this society Prince Luigi had fallen in with my father; it was this—because my father was more or less intimate with the Prince, that influenced the select circle to a decision to order my father to kill the Prince.

"Out of the fact that Luigi had fallen in love with me my father saw means to make capital and to get clear of the country. Instead of carrying out the circle's command, he accepted a big sum of money from the Prince—for me. I had no idea until afterwards, indeed until that night when Luigi was killed, that he had meant to make me his wife—that is, hismorganatic wife.

"But the money did my father no good—and me no harm; he was caught by the emissaries of the society, taken to the House on the Hill, and sentenced to death, and, in place of my father, I was commanded to kill the Prince, although I've been told since by Dorrelli that I should never have been allowed to stain my hands with blood. It was on hearing the sentence pronounced on my father that I ran into the village to seek assistance that night. There's no more to tell, you know the rest."

"Not quite all. Mr. Verscoyle recognised that ring of yours I wore. What does that mean?"

"That ring had been in my mother's family for years; he had often seen it before, for she was Mr. Verscoyle's sister. He knew nothing of what became of her. There's one thing more to tell"—she was looking away from the blaze now, into his face. "If the contents of that paper that Dorrelli holds were made public, marriage with you would be out of the question; I have made a compact with the Count, if the revolution is a failure, that that paper will be given into my hands; if the news is good, I am doing it for your sake, Beresford, I go back to Bovonia with Dorrelli—as his wife."

"A most iniquitous, loathsome bargain! You shan't do it!"

"There are memories to be thought of, one your father's. I shall do it."

She was the woman again now he had met at first—the woman of resolution, of strength, and in his heart he knew she was right.

A note came from the Verscoyles for Cyvanie.

"May Muriel call on you?"

Muriel didn't await the invitation; she simply

A boy's best friend is his mother. After her comes THE SCOUT.

called. There was a handshake, a kiss, and a bond was sealed between these women that is one of the most sacred—the bond of friendship.

"Beresford came to see us; he has told us—not all, but a great deal; you're to come back with me in the car. Father is dying to see you—his sister's child!"

There was a ring on the third finger of Muriel's left hand.

"Mr. Grenley—of course you don't know him yet. Mr. Grenley and I are going to be married, but not for a long while."

On the way Cyvanie explained how it came to be that Farren had had her ring in his possession when he called on them after his cruise.

"Miss—I don't know your name, but I—"

Cyvanie broke in on her. "I'm going to take my mother's Christian name, Lyndsay—my father's I never wish to hear again! But won't you call me—?"

"Cyvanie!" Muriel said softly. "Beresford tells me it's quite possible you'll never be his wife, that soon you might have to leave the country. I hope not—I pray not!"

"It's true, but I shall know soon—soon!"

Sooner than she thought. There was a block in the traffic near one of those corners where stones kept newspaper contents-bills in position. Cyvanie craned forward.

"I can tell you now!" she cried hysterically. "I'm not leaving the country! Thank God—oh, thank God!"

Meanwhile another car was speeding towards Jermyn Street, St. James'. Its occupant was a man. In a room high up, with a low bay window facing the street far below he found the Count. Save that it was ghastly in its pallor there was no trace of emotion on his face.

"I suppose your 'Woman of Mystery' has told you—?"

"Everything!"

"You haven't wasted much time!"

"You will admit the occasion forbade it."

"Yes, I suppose so."

In front of Count Carmero there arose letters, black; now a vivid red; now fire:

"The Rising in Bovonia. The King at the Head of His Troops. Defeat of the Revolutionists!"

He picked up a paper from a small table and pointed. "Think of it, Sir Beresford Farren, my father at the head, leading his men on to victory. Thank God I wasn't there, for then the defeat would have been an utter rout, for I couldn't have fought against that aged man."

He bowed his head.

"You are lucky, Sir Beresford Farren, to have won that woman's love, a woman who would rather stay here as your wife than go back to Bovonia as the Consort of a crowned or uncrowned King."

"She'd have kept to the letter of her bargain."

"If I'd let her," the Count said quietly. "But what would have been the use? A bird in a gilded cage—with a broken heart!"

"What is to become of you now?"

"Don't worry about me. I've run my race—just that. If you were in Naples now, upon that hill against the village, you'd see a stately pile in flames—not a trace will be left."

From his inside pocket he drew a large document.

"You've come for this, I believe, Sir Beresford Farren. Will you give it to your 'Woman of Mystery'?"

Farren took it, then held out his hand. Count Carmero clasped it tightly.

"I've fought for a principle," he said, "fought against the father I loved; I've lost!" In spirit he was away in far Bovonia.

Then he drew himself up to his full height—just in front of that bay-window, and continued:

"May the Almighty save your Majesty!" he said devoutly; "and keep your house, as I would have striven to keep mine had the Fates decreed that I was to reign."

There was emotion on his face now, his features were working piteously.

Suddenly he threw himself backwards; there was a shattering of glass, and he fell headlong, down—down—down!

THE END.

If you liked "His Woman of Mystery" you are sure to admire "A Queen of Thieves." Although she is a thief, she is an amazing woman. Please remember that "A Queen of Thieves" starts next Friday, in our August Bank Holiday Number.

SCHOOL TEACHER: "Tell me the meaning of the word 'appetite'?"

Tommy: "Please, sir, when you're eating you're 'appy, and when you've finished you're tight."

"I WONDER," said the bald boarder, "why a fight is called a scrap?"

"Because it is a broken peace," was the cheerful idiot's prompt reply.

Great Sale of REAL OSTRICH FEATHERS.

AMAZING OFFER BY A GREAT FIRM.

A Superb Plume at Half Shop Price.

For the next **Ten Days** we are selling Real Ostrich Plumes at less than half the price charged by ANY other firm in London.

No other firm is in a position to make the offer which we make to-day.

On the above terms we undertake to supply anyone who communicates with us through the post or visits our Showrooms during the next ten days.

We intend to prove by this great Sale that our Ostrich Feathers are the best and cheapest in the world. We intend to prove that the finest Plumes can be sold at wholesale price direct to the buyer.

SECRETS OF THE TRADE.

Do you understand the Ostrich Feather Trade?

There is the Ostrich farm in South Africa. There is the Importer. There is the Wholesale Dealer. There is

anything up to half-a-guinea. We will send it to you carriage **2/-** or **TWO for 3/6** if you apply before paid for **THURSDAY, AUGUST 14th.**

Make this One Trial.—You will then buy all your Ostrich Feathers from us.

You will tell your friends and you will visit our Showrooms. That is what we want.

WHAT WE ARE TRYING TO DO.

We have an enormous interest in the Trade and we are determined to popularise it.

In our Showrooms alone we have a stock of Plumes worth a fortune.

We want to get in touch with every buyer of Ostrich Feathers in England. We know we can give



**18
Inches
in
Length**

THIS SAMPLE PLUME

(in Black, White, or any colour),

2/- or Two for 3/6

the Shopkeeper from whom you buy the plume.

All these have to make a profit, and the profit has to be a big one, for this reason—a good Ostrich Plume lasts a long time, therefore the Tradesman must make a big profit out of each one he sells.

WHY WE CAN SELL AT HALF-PRICE.

We have our own Ostrich Farms. We are direct Importers of the produce of those Farms. We sell thousands of Plumes every week. We do not need to make a big profit out of each Plume.

That is why we can afford to make this offer.

THE OFFER WE MAKE TO-DAY.

You see the Feather illustrated here. Its actual length is 18 inches. It is a magnificent Plume. To get anything like it at an ordinary shop will cost you

better value than anyone else. We want to make this fact known to every lady in the land.

That is what we are trying to do by our amazing Sale Offer.

OUR WONDERFUL CATALOGUE.

To every buyer of our Superb Sample Plume we will send free our wonderful Illustrated Catalogue containing all the most beautiful Real Ostrich Feathers obtainable, offered at prices which will astound you.

But before making extensive purchases convince yourself that **our prices are right** by sending P.O. for **2/-** for the **Superb Sample Plume**, illustrated on this page.

This offer is open until **Thursday, August 14th**, but **send at once. Your money will be returned in full if you are not delighted with your purchase.**

IMPORTANT.

Please note that our only address in this Country is 207 Oxford Street, London, W. Here, at all times, may be inspected the most beautiful Ostrich Feathers in the World.

SPECIAL NOTE.—Bear in mind that no other firm in England will or can supply Real Ostrich Feathers at the prices we are now offering them at. The **Superb Sample Plume** which we offer for **2/- or two for 3/6**, is marvellous value. Nothing nearly so good has ever before been given at the price. Send for it to-day.

ORDER FORM

To the WEST-END OSTRICH FEATHER CO.
(Dept. P.W.), 207 Oxford Street, London, W. (close to Oxford Circus).

Please send me, carriage paid, the Plume, for which I enclose P.O. for 2s. (enclose 3s. 6d. if two required), on condition that you return cash in full if I am dissatisfied and I send feather back within six days.

NAME

ADDRESS

WEST-END OSTRICH FEATHER CO.
207 OXFORD ST. W.

Close to Oxford Circus, almost opposite Peter Robinson's.

Great was the joy of Slumland Jim, the Fresh Air Fund had spotted him!

"ARE YOU A LOBSTER?"Slang Terms Which We Owe to the
Cinema.

It is becoming almost necessary for the proprietors of picture palaces to provide their patrons with American-English slang dictionaries.

Some of the titles and wording which now accompany so many of the pictures shown at picture theatres throughout the country are worded so strangely to British audiences that it is sometimes very difficult indeed to make head or tail of them.

This is because America is the greatest film-producing country in the world, and the explanatory matter attached to pictures there is not altered and anglicised on their presentation here.

"Depot" is one of the most frequently recurring words. This is American for railway station. Another "travelling" word used is grip, which is equivalent to our hold-all.

Of all pictures shown on the screen cowboy ones are easily among the most popular with English audiences, and some of the words made use of in connection with these are very puzzling at times.

"Quitter" Means Coward.

There is "rustler," for example. This means cattle thief. "Rustling a broncho," therefore, stands for stealing a small horse; a broncho being the kind of animal generally ridden "Out West"—that is, on the western plains.

Other cowboy terms are:—"hold-up," a demand for money; "thug," a highway robber; "quitter," a coward; "rube," a yokel; and "shack," an old barn.

Gradually we are, through the medium of the "movies"—the moving pictures, we mean to say—learning several new ways of saying hooligan. "Hoodlum" is one, and "tough" another. For our tramp, too, there are "hobo" and "dead-beat," while "dive" is equivalent to "thieves'-kitchen," or a resort of bad characters.

Of miscellaneous slang terms there appears to be no end, and the following will doubtless be welcome translations to many picture palace goers:

Dough	} Money
Sugar	
Mutt	
Sucker	
Come-on	An innocent, simple-minded, or stupid person.
Boob	
Lobster	
In the band wagon	— superior to other people.
Road agent	— a highway robber.
Cinch	— a certainty.
Live wire	— a smart person.
"A get out"	— a means of escape.

When a person of learning is represented on the "flicker theatre" he or she is often referred to as "high brow," while ignorant folk are designated "low brows." A pretty girl is a "peach," a manager is a "boss," a swindler or other wrong-doer is a "crook," and a striker is a "scab."

"Dodgers" Are Handed to You.

The business of advertising and selling goods is responsible for a host of strange slang words. Here are some of them:

Featuring	— presenting a favourite actor or actress in a picture.
Tear-compeller	— a picture that will make its beholders cry.
Stunt	— a scheme.
Boost	— to boom.
Junk	— worthless goods.
Dodgers	— leaflets.

One of the hardest words to understand, perhaps, is "plume," which stands for waterfall; while "stag" (bachelor), "rubberneck" (an inquisitive man or woman), "broncho steerer" (a confidence-trick practiser), and "Cissy" (an effeminate youth or man) are also difficult at first sight.

Compared with them, "cats," for meals; "Jonah day," an unlucky day; "graft," bribery; and "freight car," goods truck, are easy.

There are scores of other weird expressions to be met with on the screen, but if you can get a grip on most of the above your visits to the pictures will be less mystifying than before.

"WHEN that young man comes, Jane, show him into the parlour."
"My young man or yours, mum?"

"I TELL you, sir, kissing the hand that smites you is nothing to what I saw in this hotel this morning."

"What was that?"

"The porter blacking the boot that kicked him last night."

Picture Pars

We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed.

LOOK BEFORE YOU BUY.

MANY holiday-makers to the seaside like to buy the fresh fish so temptingly displayed by the fish-mongers. No fish finds a more ready sale than the whiting, and yet hundreds of so-called whiting are



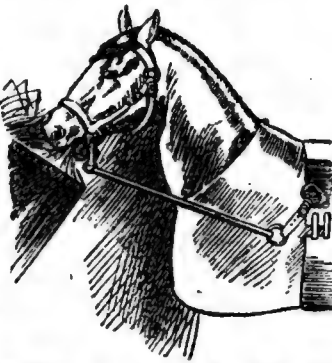
really haddocks. They are so similar in appearance that fishermen themselves are often confused.

The accompanying sketch, however, explains the difference between them. All haddocks possess a dark patch on the shoulder as indicated by the arrow, whereas whiting have no mark at all.

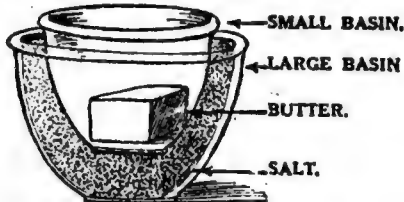
FOR STABLEMEN.

HORSE-OWNERS and stablemen have found the contrivance illustrated a good method of keeping horses from injuring their stable clothing by biting it.

This device consists of a short stick with a strap at each end by which it is attached to the roller at one end and the headstall at the other. This prevents the horse from eating its clothes and yet allows it to eat freely from the manger.

**FOR STORING BUTTER.**

THE illustration shows a method of keeping butter cool which will be much appreciated by our lady readers. A few handfuls of salt and a couple of basins, one large and one small, are all that is required. Put the salt into the large basin, and then put the



small one in on top of it, forcing the salt well up between the two basins. The butter should now be put in the small basin.

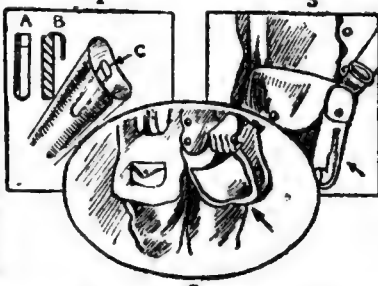
This device will keep butter cool and firm in the hottest of weather.

FOR TOMMY ATKINS.

SKETCH one illustrates where a soldier keeps the necessary articles for cleaning his rifle. In the butt of the rifle is a hole, made to contain a small cylindrical oil bottle, and a cord, fitted with loops, to pull pieces of flannel through the barrel of the rifle. In the sketch the pull-through, or cord, is rolled up, ready to be put into the butt trap.

Sketch two. Under the left lapel of every soldier's khaki coat will be found a small linen pocket. When a man is going into active service a first-aid pocket is sewn here.

Sketch three shows a neat, handy pocket, which is actually made on the edge of a soldier's haversack, and is very convenient for keeping such things as pipes and matches.

**SNOBBERY IN SCHOOLS.**

How Our Boys Are Being Educated in the Art of Being Exclusive.

THERE has been much talk in the Press lately of snobbery in the great public schools. Some have maintained that it is rampant everywhere, and that the sons of poorer parents are social outcasts. Others state that nothing of the kind exists.

As a matter of fact, the public schools are the snob's training grounds. Between the ages of thirteen and eighteen the son of aristocratic and upper middle-class parents receives a regular education in the art of being "exclusive."

In all the big public schools such as Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Charterhouse, and similar institutions, there is an inner ring of athletes, popularly termed "bloods," who are not only at the head of the social life of the school, but are also largely responsible for the general discipline and behaviour.

These "bloods" (who in most cases number about twenty or thirty according to the size of the school) exactly correspond to the "Court Circle" in social life.

A Blood May Be a Dunce.

And there is, on a smaller scale, the same amount of envy and intriguing to be recognised as takes place in the great world outside.

The "blood" is a powerful person. He is officially recognised by the head master. And his sole qualification is to excel in cricket or football. It sometimes happens that he is a boy of small intelligence. That does not matter. If he is invariably bottom of his form, the moment he shows promise of being a clever athlete the head master gives him "grace promotion" until he is sufficiently near the sixth form to be made a monitor.

The rules concerning the "blood" are many. For instance, just as a nobleman is distinguished from his fellows by a title and a coat of arms and other such outward and visible signs of superiority, the "blood" is allowed a number of special privileges in the way of dress.

At one school it is the rule that all boys shall have their coats "round cut" so that the "blood" may be distinguished by having his "square cut."

Special types of collars, prohibited to others, are worn by the "blood."

There is a complicated system of etiquette concerning the relations of the rank and file to the "blood."

For instance, when an ordinary boy, whether he is a member of the sixth form or not, happens to be sitting next to a "blood" at meal time or some other similar occasion, the other boy may not open a conversation. As is the rule at Court, he must wait for his social superior to make a remark.

This same rule applies in respect of the "minor bloods"—that is, the member of second, third, and fourth elevens, who are, of course, the social superiors of those who have not received their "colours."

Colours Sunday Breaks Friendships.

"Getting colours" is the social equivalent of entertaining the King. It marks a boy out from his fellows. For when he is admitted to even the fourth eleven he is a "minor blood," that is to say, he may one day be a "full blood."

On the last Sunday of the football term and the last Sunday of the cricket term, it is the custom in most public schools for the "colours list" to be posted in cloisters.

The list is made out by a council of "full bloods," who, until the moment of publication, preserve a strict secrecy similar to that maintained by the Cabinet regarding the Budget proposals. And the "colours list" itself exactly corresponds to the Birthday Honours List.

And Colours Sunday marks the breaking of many a long-standing and intimate friendship. For it is quite impossible for one who has received colours to associate on anything more than a very casual basis with one who has not and is not likely to.

It is interesting to watch the career of a boy thus promoted. He will not immediately break off his old connections. He will even, for a few weeks, swagger about with his former comrades, to show that he is not excited.

But the old intimacy vanishes. The other boy begins to feel that it is very kind of his friend not to cut him. Then the "blood" begins to think so, too.

When they are out walking, they will perhaps meet a group of "minor bloods," who will immediately start a conversation with the "now blood," leaving his companion out in the cold.

A Genuine Rupture Cure Sent On Trial To Prove It.

Don't Wear a Truss Any Longer.

After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced an Appliance for Men, Women, and Children That Actually Cures Rupture.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day, and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance, and giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen my illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill in free coupon below and post to-day. It's well worth your time, whether you try my Appliance or not.

Every Ruptured Person Should Know of Your Appliances.

Llangan Villa, Nr. Whitland, Carmar.
June 17, 1912.

I am pleased to say that my husband is quite cured of his rupture since wearing your Appliance. He has left off wearing it now, and feels all right. I have strongly recommended them to many, and feel that every ruptured person should know of your Appliance and the good it has done after suffering with worthless trusses. We would be pleased to answer any question to anyone enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. (Mrs.) D. WILLIAMS.

People Say a Miracle Has Taken Place.

15 Brook Street, Hay, Hereford.
April 26, 1911.

Mr. Brooks.
Dear Sir,—I am more than thankful to tell you that during the five weeks my sister has been wearing the Appliance she has had no pain whatever, and she is now able to go for walks. On Good Friday she walked out to the cemetery, which is out of the town, where she had not been for twelve years. She also sleeps and eats well, and is altogether a different person—people say a miracle has taken place. We both feel we cannot find words to express our thanks to you for your Appliance. Please use this letter if you wish. I shall do all I can to recommend your Appliance wherever possible, as it gives the greatest ease and comfort. I am, yours very truly,
(Signed) Nurse M. FARMEE.

A Cheap and Infallible Remedy.

69 Oxford Road, Macclesfield.
June 5, 1912.

C. E. Brooks.
Dear Sir,—After a year's wearing of your famous Rupture Appliance, I can find no words to express my admiration of such an excellent invention and the benefit I have derived from its use. All you claim for it in your book, and all that your clients have said in its favour in their printed testimonials, I can fully bear out and confirm from personal experience. I am sure that hundreds of your Appliances would be instantly ordered if the unfortunate sufferers only knew of its existence. For my part I feel that you deserve the universal gratitude of mankind for inventing such a cheap and infallible remedy for so widespread a complaint, and you are perfectly free to make what use you please of what I say in this letter.
Yours faithfully, ELLEN JARRETT.



The above is O. E. BROOKS, Inventor of the Appliance, who has been curing rupture for over 30 years. If ruptured write him to-day.

8-Weeks-Old Baby Perfectly Cured.

27 New Street, Litchfield, Staffs.
February 12, 1912.

I now take great pleasure in thanking you for the Appliance, as it has been a perfect cure for my little boy. He was only eight weeks old when I tried the Appliance, and is now perfectly cured at six months. I shall certainly recommend your Appliance as being a perfect cure. Thanking you greatly for what you have done for me.
Mrs. SMITH.

Trusses Were No Earthly Use.

High Street, Seal, Nr. Sevenoaks, Kent.
July 18, 1912.

I should like to say that I find great comfort in wearing your Appliance. I never thought I should have been able to take up my occupation as blacksmith again. Trusses were no earthly use to me, and caused me great pain, but now I can go to my work with ease, and feel quite safe. I shall always take great pleasure in recommending your wonderful Appliance to those I come into contact with, suffering from hernia.
THOS. COLLISON.

Doctor Said It Was Extraordinary.

Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.
December 14, 1911.

I am pleased to say that Appliance requires no renewal or alteration, for it has done its work, and has been put away in hope that it may not be required again. I went to see my doctor last night, and he would not believe it until he had seen it, and he said it was extraordinary. This cure has been in spite of a chronic cough, which always seemed to be right on the bowel, and made a cure seem impossible. You may use my testimonial, but only under non-de-plume.

A MIDLAND PARSON
(Name given on application.)

I Have No Pain Whatever.

Hungate End Farm, Hanslope,
Stony Stratford, Bucks.
July 28, 1912.

I received Appliance five months ago, and am pleased to say that since wearing it I have had no pain whatever, which is wonderful after having suffered for years. You can make what use you like of this letter.
P. TUCKER.

Perfectly Cured at 74.

Jubilee Homes, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.
May 30, 1912.

To Mr. Brooks.
Dear Sir,—I, Henry Salter, have much pleasure in saying that I am perfectly satisfied with the Rupture Appliance. You are welcome to use my name where the British flag flies, and all other nations on the face of the globe. Dear sir, I cannot thank you enough for relieving my suffering. I shall recommend you to any of my friends. I am pleased to say it is a permanent cure.
I remain, yours obediently,
HENRY SALTER.

P.S.—My age is 74 years, perfectly cured.

Can Do My Work With Ease.

Ashley Grange, Bellshill, Lanarkshire.
April 19, 1912.

Having worn your Appliance for fourteen months, I think it my duty to acknowledge that it has given great satisfaction. It causes no pain or inconvenience, and I would not be without it. I can do my work with ease. I must thank you for the kindness and straightforward manner you dealt with me. Shall do all in my power to recommend you to friends around me who suffer from rupture. You can make what use you like of my letter, and I shall be only too pleased to answer any letters from those who would like to know about the Appliance.
A. BROWN.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send for the Brooks
Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market to-day, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads used in common trusses, it is not so cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All the materials of which the Appliances are made are of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon to day.

Remember:

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in free coupon below and post to day.

If in London, call at my Consulting Rooms.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

C. E. BROOKS, 442H, BANK BUILDINGS (Corner of Portugal Street), KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of Rupture.

Name

Address

(Please write plainly.)

DAINTY DISHES.

Home-made Ginger Wine.

Take three pounds of lump sugar and pour over them five quarts of boiling water. Stir till dissolved, then place on one side to cool. When cold add five drams of essence of ginger, one ounce of tartaric acid, and three drams of essence of capsicum. Colour with burnt sugar. (This makes an excellent drink for picnics, and is a great favourite with children.)

American Ice.

Take one pint of milk and put it in a saucepan with two ounces of gelatine and allow to boil slowly. Just before it reaches boiling point add the yolks of two eggs and one ounce of sugar. When it boils remove from the fire and add the whites of the eggs, previously beaten to a stiff froth, with one ounce of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla essence. Stir thoroughly and pour into a wet mould. When set turn out and serve.

Meat Roll (an excellent breakfast or supper dish).

Take one pound of lean beefsteak and half a pound of fat bacon, pass these through a mincing-machine, and add to them half a pound of tomatoes, six ounces of breadcrumbs, two eggs, half a nutmeg (grated), and pepper and salt to taste. Mix all together and tie in a pudding-cloth like a roly-poly. Boil for four hours. When cooked leave till cold, then remove from the cloth, and roll in brown breadcrumbs. This meat roll when sliced makes delicious sandwiches for picnics.

To Preserve Peas for Winter Use.

Choose well-grown but not old peas. Shell them, discarding any which may not be good. Then spread on trays and place in a slow oven for about twelve hours till they are perfectly dry. Shake occasionally, as they must not be allowed to scorch. When dry store in muslin or calico bags and hang in a dry place. When required for use the peas must be soaked for twelve hours, and then placed in boiling water with a tiny lump of soda, salt, sugar, and mint, and boiled for forty-five minutes.

Two Excellent Pickles.

Pickled Lemons.

Take twenty-five lemons and split them into four pieces lengthways. Sprinkle with salt and leave for twenty-four hours, turning occasionally; then place them in a stone jar with four ounces of sliced green ginger, the same of mustard (ground or seed), four ounces of ground chillies, one ounce of ground turmeric mixed with two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil and sufficient vinegar to cover the lemons. Cover the jar tightly, and leave in a warm atmosphere for a week. In a fortnight it will be ready for use.

Pickled Eggs.

Take sixteen eggs and boil for twelve minutes, then dip into cold water and remove the shells. Put one quart of vinegar in a stewpan with half an ounce of black pepper, half an ounce of cayenne, and half an ounce of whole ginger. Simmer for ten minutes. Put the eggs in a jar and pour over them the boiling vinegar and spices. Allow to get cold, then tie down and leave for a month, when they will be ready for use. This is an excellent pickle for cold meats.

TO STOP FALLING HAIR.

Falling hair—the forerunner of baldness—is nearly always due to the presence of a parasite known as the dandruff germ. If your hair falls out, the chances are ten to one that the dandruff germ is the cause of it, and you cannot do better than to get your chemist to make you up a bottle of the old reliable formula, consisting of 3 oz. Bay Rum, 1 oz. Lavona de Composee, and $\frac{1}{2}$ dram Menthol Crystals. Apply night and morning, rubbing briskly into the scalp with the finger tips. This preparation, which enjoys a world-wide reputation as a hair grower and dandruff destroyer, is popularly known as Lavona Hair Tonic and many chemists keep it prepared ready for sale. Lavona Hair Tonic is claimed by many to restore grey hair to its original colour as well as making the hair grow, and destroying the dandruff germ.

IMPORTANT.—Owing to its truly remarkable hair-growing properties, practically every chemist in the United Kingdom now gives his personally signed guarantee of satisfaction or money back to every purchaser of a bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic who asks for it.

The Little Dressmaker

Gives You a Plain Sewing Lesson.

I HAVE been teaching sewing in this journal more than a year now, but yet ladies sometimes write and ask me questions that show that, though they are ready to try quite difficult things, they have not mastered what I call the A.B.C. of plain sewing. So I think that I can't do better than give a good plain sewing lesson once in a way. And if you think it is too easy—why, you needn't read it, that's all.

I think a lot of ladies fail to make their sewing neat because they don't hold it right. I have seen

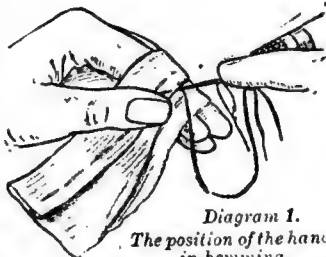


Diagram 1.
The position of the hands
in hemming.

many a one with her hem pinned upon her knee, working away at it and thinking to get it straight. But really she would manage it much better if she held it in the right way with her fingers. That's why I have asked the

drawing lady to make these pictures of the right way of holding your work when you are doing plain sewing.

Just take up a bit of stuff and compare your habit of holding it with the pictures. And if you do something different, I think the chances are that you are wrong, and will get along much better for the future if you can alter your habit.

Then many ladies give themselves a deal of trouble by not using the right needles and cotton. They try to sew thin stuff like chiffon with a great skewer of a needle, and wonder why it puckers. I think I am safe in saying that, as a rule, the finer your needle is the better you will get along, except for such things as running and darning, which can be done more quickly with a thick needle. You see, a fine needle makes much less rub as it goes through the stuff, so it slips in easily, without your having to jerk and to tug at it every time.

And, by the way, do keep an emery bag or a bit of emery paper in your work-basket, and rub up your pet needle on it when you have finished your sewing. One that is the least bit blunt at the point makes a lot of trouble for you.

I hardly ever use a cotton which is thicker than No. 60, except for tacking or such like. What I said about a fine needle applies to fine cotton too.

It seems hardly worth naming, but you may take my word for it, that if you are tired and not inclined for sewing, you will find it a wonderful help if you just put down your work and go and wash your hands in nice hot water, and rub them over with powdered oatmeal, before you go back to your work again.

I do this many times a day, for clean, fresh hands make a "slippy" needle; but hot ones turn the threads sticky, and stiffen the seam you are holding, and make all the work a nuisance. Just try this tip of mine, particularly now that the hot summer weather is on us.

Always thread your needle from the reel; don't snip off a bit of thread first, for if you do this, you may thread it at the wrong end, and get your cotton the wrong way for working.

My article in this week's HOME NOTES tells you how to make a dainty holiday frock.

Your respectful friend,

THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.

HOME HINTS.

A Troublesome Corn

Can be eased by a poultice composed of a thin slice of lemon worn over it during the day.

When Cooking Fruit

Test if sufficiently done with a knitting needle, instead of a fork, as the needle does not break or make holes in the fruit as the fork would.

To Keep Suet in Hot Weather.

Put the suet in a basin and place in the oven till melted. Then pour into jars, and it will keep almost any length of time.

Hints on Washing Black Stockings.

Soap

Should not be rubbed on black stockings. They should be immersed in suds and rubbed till clean.

A Tablespoonful of Vinegar

Should be added to the water used for washing and also the rinsing water, as this keeps stockings a good colour.

Hints on the Care of Boots and Shoes.

To Preserve Patent Leather

Boots and shoes, rub them with a flannel dipped in vaseline twice a week. This prevents the leather from cracking and makes it soft.

To Lengthen the Life

Of boots and shoes, rub the soles with a little grease once a week. Any fat may be employed for this purpose provided it does not contain salt.

Brown Boots and Shoes

Should be rubbed over with a slice of raw tomato before the polish is applied. This cleans and removes the stains quite easily.

Before Cleaning White Shoes

Rub them with a stiff brush to remove all dust, and when applying the pipeclay (or other whitener) carefully avoid smearing it on the heels, should they be of leather. A good plan is to wrap a piece of paper round them while the shoes are being cleaned.

Hints on Washing Gloves.

For Chamols, Doeskin, or Castor Gloves.

Do not use boiling water or apply soap directly to the gloves. Make a soapy lather with warm water and dip the gloves into it.

Scrub

The soiled parts with a soft nailbrush and squeeze the dirty water out. Change the water frequently.

Rinse

In slightly soapy water (never clear, as this makes the skin hard) and press in a folded towel.

Blow

Out the fingers and hang to dry; pull out gently before quite dry.

For Kid Gloves

Shave half a bar of white soap into a little soft water, and place on the stove till the soap melts. When dissolved strain through muslin and allow to remain till cold. When cold, the soap mixture should be of the consistency of thin cream. Then slip the glove on the hand, dip a clean cloth in the soap mixture, and rub the glove. Continue till the gloves are clean. They can be worn almost immediately, and will be clean, soft, and not smell disagreeably as when petrol is employed.

How to Do Up Muslin Blouses and Collars.

Discoloured White Muslin Blouses

Can be made a good colour if soaked overnight in water to which a little cream of tartar has been added.

Frisks

Which are to be goffered should first be ironed out smoothly in the ordinary way, and the goffering irons used afterwards.

All Lace

Should be carefully pulled out before the iron is applied to it.

Very Thin Muslin

Goods need not be starched if ironed while still wet. They will look equally well, be quite stiff enough, and wear much longer than if starched. Starched goods when very thin are apt to tear easily.

Don't put off till to-morrow sending the ninepence (to the F.A.F.) you can send to-day.



Hudson's Soap

Wash wisely, wash easily, quickly, thoroughly; wash with HUDSON'S SOAP. The experiences of generations point to it as the best of its kind for laundry uses and for every form of domestic cleaning. Hudson's users are profiting by their experiences. Housewives always profit by the regular use of Hudson's Soap.

FOR LAUNDRY USES—FOR
SCRUBBING WOODWORK—
FOR CLEANING PAINT—FOR
WASHING UP AFTER MEALS.

IN PACKETS EVERYWHERE.

R. S. HUDSON LIMITED, LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH AND LONDON.

II 54-15

Why die of old age when you
can live to enjoy it?

HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR NEW SUIT YET?

IF NOT, give Catesbys a trial. Here's why: A Catesby Lounge Suit for 35/- is made of good cloth. Unless the cloth is good no suit can be termed good. The substitution of shoddy cloth and scamped labour, so as to sell suits at a cheap quality price, has reached such a state that it behoves us to point out to you for your good, to buy only a fair price suit made by tailors you can rely upon. A shoddy suit at a shoddy price is a sure loss to you all the way. It may show a semblance of style at the start, but the first time the rain gets at it, or the first time you subject it to a test, all the superficial style goes, and the suit looks shabby. Try a reliable suit—a better grade suit. We will supply you with one made to your measurements—full of style, finish, and reliability, for 35/-. This is the lowest price at which a better grade suit can be offered.



"BURLINGTON" SUIT.

Made to Measure.
35/- EASY 2/- in the 2
TERMS. off for cash
down.

N.B.—Say whether you want light or dark patterns when you write. Write for patterns, book of styles, and simple self measurement form. We pay carriage to your door.

Don't Forget Our Boot Department.
Catalogue Post Free.

CATESBYS
(Dept. 7), LTD.,
64-67 Tottenham Court Rd.,
LONDON, W.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Friday morning for the following Monday week's issue.

WRINKLES, FRECKLES, PIMPLES removed.—Specialist's formulae, i.e. Advice on all complaints by post. Dr. Hamilton's Infallible Hair Grower. 36, post free, — Gibb & Co., 108 Victoria Road, Middlesbrough.

IMAS CHOCOLATE CLUB.—Any boy, girl, or adult can earn £1 to £10 spare time. No outlay. —Particulars, Samuel Driver, Beeston Road, Leeds.

HANDSOME MEN are slightly sunburnt. "Sunbronze" gives this tint, indetectable, harmless, genuine, 1/4. —Sunbronze Laboratories, Malden, Surrey.

YOU CAN EARN 1/- an hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply K., 80 Aldersgate Street, London.

CHEAPEST HOUSE IN ENGLAND FOR DEALERS.—Ladies' Overalls, 9 dozen; Men's Caps, Ties, Socks, 25 dozen; Tablecloths, 11d. each; Dress Lengths, 2s. each. Fents by Weight. Write for Catalogue. —Cochrane's Stock Co., Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

BOOTS.—Save nearly 50% buying from Factory direct. AGENTS WANTED. Write for list, particulars, British Boot Co. (54), Portland Square, Bristol.

CYCLE COVERS, guaranteed, 33; Tubes, 22. Cycles, accessories, lists. —Lorton, Wolverhampton.

ETIQUETTE FOR MEN.—A book setting forth in simple style full and accurate direction for the due observance of modern modes and manners for men, is "Etiquette for Men," by G. R. M. Duveroux. It may be had, post free, for 12 from A. F. Sower, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

BILLIARDS.—How to play the game. If anyone would take "The Game of Billiards and How to Play it," by John Roberts, and play every diagram in succession, he would soon get rid of the monotony of paying for the table. The book may be had, post free, for 12 from A. F. Sower, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Just a postcard will bring you a beautiful illustrated catalogue of
RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES
for the home. Cash or Easy Payments. Prices from £37 6s. The popular size 8 ft. 4 in. costs £55 0s. Seven days' free trial.
E. J. RILEY Ltd.,
Ormerod Works, Accrington.

DON'T WASH YOUR FACE, GREASE IT.—Is the advice of a leading London actress famous for her beauty. To thoroughly cleanse the pores and promote the healthy skin condition so essential to beauty, use Peach-Bloom, the refreshing and fragrant skin food. Indispensable for relieving sunburn, dry skin, redness, roughness, and general skin irritation. One month's convincing trial, post free for 7d. —Peach-Bloom Co., 4 Hibernian Road, Nunhead, London.

BLUSHING CURED.—Doctor's famous recipe 1/- order. Testimonials. —H. Stevens (Box 2), 71 Back Piccadilly, Manchester.

GLOSS YOUR COLLARS!—Easily done without trouble by using "BEDFORD'S FIGHTING BRAND." Sample for post-card. —E. Bedford, Liverpool, E.

POULTRY KEEPING.—Those who would like full instructions as to the keeping, breeding, and rearing of poultry for both pleasure and profit may find it in "Poultry Keeping, and How to Make it Pay," by F. E. Wilson, which may be had, price 12, post free, from A. F. Sower, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—One cannot hold one's own in life's battle if weak, worn, or easily jaded. Periodical attacks of moodiness, languor, despondency, depression, and groundless fears mean nerve troubles. Those so afflicted should drop a Postcard to the Useful Knowledge Publishing Co., P.O. Box 94, Bradford, when a little book on this subject will be sent free of any charge whatever. A little knowledge saves much medicine.

FUN FOR SIXPENCE.—Ventriloquist's Double Throat; fits roof of mouth, always invisible, astonishes and mystifies; sing like a canary, whine like a puppy, and imitate birds and beasts. 6d. each, four for 1/-, Sydney Benson (Dept. T), 239 Pentonville Rd., London, N.

CAGE BIRDS.—Those who desire instructions on the keeping, feeding, and breeding of canaries and other cage birds, will find all the information they require in the book "Cage and Singing Birds," by George Gardner, which may be had, post free, for 12 from A. F. Sower, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.



AFTER HER DINNER

a woman ought to rest. But how is she to get the time? Simply by covering the floors with Li-nola. There is no other floor covering to compare with it, for it needs no scrubbing, and it saves the housewife from hours of hard labour. It preserves her strength for other things. A small deposit, along with the measurements of your room, and a simple promise to pay the balance by weekly or monthly instalments, gets you the Li-nola at once. No pay carriage. Write for patterns to-day. For cash with order we allow 2s. in the 4 discount.

LI-NOLA

Yds.	Yds.	I Quality.	P Quality.
3 by 3 (incl. gang)	£1 3 8	£1 6 3	
3 by 4 border	1 7 0	1 10 0	
3 by 4	1 11 6	1 15 0	
4 by 4	1 15 0	2 0 0	

Other sizes at proportionate cost.

CATESBYS Ltd.

(Dept. 7),

64-67 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

ADAM'S
FURNITURE POLISH

Editorial Entries



NEXT FRIDAY'S NUMBER.

I HAVE just been looking through a rough make-up of the Bank Holiday Double Number and if it gives you as much pleasure in reading it as it has given me in getting it ready, I shall feel that my time, and that of my staff, has been well spent.

As people like plenty of stories to read at holiday time, I have paid special attention to this side of the number.

First of all there will be a new short serial—"A Queen of Thieves"—which you are sure to like. It is the story of a beautiful young woman who, ill-used by the world, becomes a thief and steals, not only money, but the hearts of countless admirers.

If she steals your heart, the story will serve its purpose.

To provide you with a new series of short stories, Professor Jephcott will make his appearance. Professor Jephcott is a hypnotist and he solves some really amazing cases.

Then there will be three long complete stories, several short stories, new series, and a fund of light, holiday reading matter.

Please remember that this number will be ready on Friday next.

A SURPRISE FOR SUR-PRIZE COMPETITORS.

THE Sur-prize competitors will be pleased to hear that I have a pleasant surprise for them in next week's number. Instead of the usual prizes, there will be a number of new novelties.

Ladies can have their choice of suede belts and dainty *crêpe de Chine* bows.

The gentlemen can enter for *crêpe de Chine* ties, leather belts, sock suspenders, and braces. Moreover, there will be a large increase in the number of prizes offered.

POINCARÉ DAY.

"Oose President Pongcarry?"

"W'y the chap as owns France!"

This exclusive piece of news, given with a note of scorn in the speaker's voice, was overheard at Epping Forest on July 15th.

It was the Fresh Air Fund children's *Poincaré Day*, and a thousand happy youngsters toasted the French President in mugs of sweet tea. Another thousand went on July 16th.

It will be remembered that during his recent visit to England President Poincaré presented the Lord Mayor of London with a sum of money, £80 of which Sir David Burnett handed over to the Fresh Air Fund.

On July 15th and 16th, the tricolour flag of France together with the Union Jack fluttered over the shelter in Epping Forest, and the children gave cheers again and again for the French people and their President, whose gift had provided the outing.

HOME COOKERY COUPLETS.

ALL lady readers have heard of that very useful and helpful paper, HOME COOKERY. In a recent Footline contest I invited the ladies to send along a phrase on HOME COOKERY that would draw the attention of non-readers to it. Here are three of the five prize winners:—

"If you're wishful to capture a mate,
HOME COOKERY finds you the bait."

"Both 'diners' in 'dukery' and 'donahs' in
'rookery'
Enjoy tasty dishes prepared from HOME COOKERY."

"Dining-out is a custom that's dead
In all homes where HOME COOKERY's read."

I want all my readers to win a prize.

Turn to page 148 and see what you can win this week.

DOCTORS' RIGHT OF WAY.

"Don't you think that doctors ought to have a right of way, just the same as fire-engines do?" asks PATIENT. "The wife of a friend of mine was suddenly taken ill and the family doctor was telephoned for to come immediately. He got into his motor-car, and drove as fast as possible to my friend's house. On the way, however, he was held up for ten minutes by the traffic, and when he arrived it was too late. But for that delay my

friend's wife might still be alive at the present moment."

Yours is not the first time the suggestion has been made, PATIENT, and in fact in the streets of Augsburg, in Bavaria, the idea is carried out. There a doctor has a red-cross shield on his carriage or bicycle so that everyone knows his profession, and lets him pass by as quickly as possible. It has been suggested that medical men should wear a special kind of dress which would distinguish them from other people. Such a scheme would prove immensely useful in the case of accidents in the streets, say, when prompt assistance is needed.

SHOULD HE MARRY HER?

"I AM the manager of a large works in the Midlands," writes TROUBLED, "and, of course, I hold a very responsible position. We employ several hundred girls and with one of them I have fallen in love, and to whom I have become engaged. My employer has heard of my engagement and strongly objects to it, on the grounds that I cannot keep my authority over the workers when they know that I am engaged to one of them. I don't want to lose my position, which is a good one, yet I am certainly not going to give up the girl. What would you advise me to do?"

Marry the girl at once, TROUBLED. You say you are in a good position so there is no need to have a long engagement. Moreover, if you marry the girl of your choice you will have removed your employer's objection. I think, too, that the other girl workers will take it as a great compliment that you have chosen a wife from among them, and instead of you losing your authority over them you will be more likely to increase it.

AN F.A.F. PUZZLE.

TWICE this year on this page I have said Mr. Hugh Price is an enthusiastic Fresh Air Funder, and now for the third time I have to acknowledge his enthusiasm on behalf of the kiddies. In March he sent along £2 2s., in June, £5 8s., and now he has gone one better still, and incloses £8 2s. for the Fresh Air Fund—£15 12s. in all. Thanks to Mr. Price's enthusiasm nearly 400 children will have a long and happy day in the country.

Mr. Price employs his spare time inventing dodges for getting the nimble 9d. out of his friends. One of his inventions is a beautifully-made polished oak puzzle box. He asks 1s. for the secret of opening the box, and to anyone sending him a postal order for that amount he will send them the wonderful puzzle money box, with full instructions how to open it.

Mr. Price is handing all the profit from the sale of these boxes to the F.A.F. He asks, however, that those who buy the boxes will only reveal the secret of opening them to their friends who are prepared to buy a box themselves and puzzle their friends with it.

In his letter Mr. Price says: "As £8 2s. pays for a party for one day I should like the day to be called *Puzzle Box Day*, and, if possible, to let the children come from Cardiff, as many of my helpers, who have sold puzzle boxes on behalf of the Fresh Air Fund come from there."

It is done, Mr. Price. On July 12th the *Puzzle Box* party of 200 enthusiastic young Cardiff people had the day of their lives, thanks to you. If anyone would like to have one of these boxes he can obtain one direct from Mr. Price, whose address is Rathmore, Stourbridge. Send him 1s. and you'll not only get one of the best puzzles I have ever seen, but have the satisfaction of knowing you are helping the Fresh Air Fund.

F.A.F. SPECIAL DAYS.

HAVE you sent a subscription to the Fresh Air Fund yet? If you only send 9d. some slum kiddie will have the day of his life. If you can manage to collect £8 2s. 200 children will go to the country for a day. As you know, the sum of £8 2s. pays for one day's outing with the Fresh Air Fund for a complete party of 200 children, together with adults to look after them. Any reader sending this amount, either individually or as the result of a collection, is entitled to have the party of 200 named in any manner he or she wishes. The following is a list of coming "Parties":—

July 24th, *John Robinson's Day*; July 25th, *Messrs. Parker, Wood, & Co.'s Day*; July 25th, *In Memory of A.B. Lamb Party* (H. Court); July 28th, *Cape Town Day*; July 29th, *Durban Day*; July 30th, *Natal Day*; July 31st, *Durban High School Day*; August 1st, *Corrie Allan Day*.

RESULT OF "MIDDLES" No. 74.

The First Prize of £50 has been awarded to: REGINALDDAY, "Holmrest," Warner Road, Ware, Herts, for the "Middle";

"HENLEY REGATTA"—A "HEATED" AFFAIR.

The Second Prize of £50 has been awarded to: C. JOHNSON, 23 Bolan Street, Battersea Park, Battersea, S.W., for the "Middle";

"GOING WRONG"—OYSTER STARTS "TAWNING."

The Third Prize of £50 has been awarded to: PERCY J. BROOKS, 16 Nichols Square, Hackney Rd., N.E., for the "Middle";

"SUMMER FLANNELS"—"REDUCED" DURING "SAIL."

The Fourth Prize of £50 has been awarded to: J. FIELD, May Villa, Pretoria Road, Romford, Essex, for the "Middle";

"WILL DISPUTES"—WILLIAM ALWAYS DID.

The Fifth Prize of £50 has been awarded to: MINNIE FENTON, 7 North View, Jarrow-on-Tyne, for the "Middle";

"HANDS UP"—ABSURD SOCIETY HANDSHAKE.

Five Prizes of £10 have been awarded to the following:

Geo. Furniss, The Field, Bakewell.
J. Orchard, Portchae, South Wales.
Miss Beatrice Silvester, 71 St. Julian's Farm Rd., West Norwood.
B. K. Tuite, 45 Croxted Rd., Dulwich, S.E.
Mark Dannatt, 12 Morley's Hill, Burton-on-Trent.

Ten Prizes of £5 have been awarded to the following:

Mrs. K. Dobbs, 81 Morley St., Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
R. G. Wells, 74 Prescott Rd., Liverpool.
Fred E. Pyle, 7 High St., Lee-on-Solent, Hants.
Harold Parsons, "Pleasant View," Unosall, Staffs.
W. G. Andrew, 2 East Dock St., Dundee.
Godfrey Smith, 555 Chesterfield Rd., Sheffield.
T. W. Charles, 56 King Street, Southall Green, Middlesex.
J. S. Woodroff, 16 Canford Rd., West Side, Clapton Common, S.W.
B. Coope, 371 Westborough Rd., Westcliffe.
G. E. Young, 4 Marmion Rd., Hove, Brighton.

100 PRIZES OF 10/-

Adams, Mrs. H. W., 4 Forlar St., St. James, Northampton.
Allam, H. C., 22 St. Brannocks Rd., Ilfracombe, A. C. H.
33 Canon Rd., Clubmoor, Liverpool; Baxter, R., 22 Curzon St., Maryport; Bowden, S., 20 Edith Ave., Plymouth; Burton, J. L., 1 Elm Tce., Steyning, Sussex; Cameron, J. W., 46 Balmoral Tce., Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Campion, C., 64 Trowbridge St., Liverpool; Canham, Agnes, 11 John St., Hull; Caunce, J., 92, Park Lane, Southampton; Charlier, A., 28 Nelson Rd., Stroud Green, N.; Chestall, W., 123 Medlock St., Kirkcaldy, Liverpool; Clark, I., 9 Summer St., Ship End, Luton, Beds.; Cocks, A. F., Cranmore, Shepton Mallet, Somerset; Coleman, A. T., 24 Mill Rd., Bury St. Edmunds; Collins, W., 81 Dover Rd., Salford, Birmingham; Corry, J., Melmerby, Landwathly, Cumb.; Crooks, R. M., Belmont House, Belmont Rd., Romford; Cropper, A. B., 31 St. Helens St., Chesterfield; Crump, Miss A. E., N. Chappin, C. Waterford; Cunniffe, A. W., 5 Rowcliffe Rd., Walton, Liverpool; Dave, W. S., 31 Richard Grove, Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E.; Dolbeer, F., 40 Mars Place, Prescott, Lancs.; Eagles, Mrs. W., 22 Hampton St., Warwick; Eaton, Mrs. A., 1 The Myrtles, St. Albans, Herts.; Kingston-on-Thames; Ellis, A. W., The Studio, Sidmouth; Elmer, Mary M., Mill Hill Cottage, Theford Rd., Brandon; Elton, H. H., Clendon House, Station Ave., Walsall; Elmes, Filer, 83 Rodvay St., Ardwick, Manchester; Finley, F. B., 134 Gravelly Hill North, Birmingham; Gibson, G., 54 Upper Queen St., Belfast; Green, J. W., 16 Kent Rd., Swindon; Greaves, A. W., Oakmoor, Stoke-on-Trent; Groat, F., 73 Outram Rd., Alexandra Park, N.; Gude, J. F., 25 College Rd., Salford, Birmingham; Hackshaw, G. R., Station Rd., Bowry, Yorks.; Harriman, J. S., 16 Marley Rd., Long Eaton, Notts.; Harrington, J. L., 29 Furness St., Kirkdale, Liverpool; Harrison, F., 47 Castlegate, Penrith, Cumberland; Hughes, E. R., Rhylas, Morla Nevin, Pwllheli, N. Wales; Hymers, P., 11 Church St., Paddock, Huddersfield; Jefford, J. H., 140 Elm Rd., Kingston-on-Thames; Jones, J. F., Llywedd School, Llanidloes, Glam.; Jones, W., Kempton, Epsom, Surrey; Jones, W. J., 2 Newland, Banbury, Oxford; Jones, W., 6 High St., Farnborough, near Orpington; Maza, J., 12 Compton Ave., Stanley Rd., Leeds; Millar, T. W., 12 Midbrook Tce., Navan, Meath, Ireland; Moses, A. H., care of J. and Y. Rly., 102 Fenchurch St., E.C.; Mundell, J., Church St., West Hartlepool; Murray, G., 79 Bevington Rd., Aston Manor, Newell, J. A., 75 St. Stephen's Rd., West Bowland, Bradford; Ottawa, H., "Winhurst," College Ave., Slough; Paget, E. A., Kirkby-on-Ashfield, Notts.; Parker, H., Avondale, Oaken Gates; Passon, E. J., Marlin Sq., Abbots Langley, Herts.; Perry, G. T., 46 Hamfrith Rd., Stratford; Phillips, A. R., Hurst View, Brighton Rd., Purley; Pitcher, W., 16 Sandringham St., Scarborough; Pollicutt, R., 25 Faraday Rd., N. Kensington; Rankin, R., Coal Road, Colntraine, Kyle of Lochalsh, E. S.; 19 Capell Rd., Watford, Herts.; Roberts, W., 205 Brighton Rd., Croydon; Robinson, G., 17 Kils Rd., Halifax, Yorks.; Robson, W., 56 Taylor St., New Grimsby; Saunders, T., Westbury Tce., North Rd., Plymouth; Slocombe, A. E., 6 Gloucester Tce., Swindon; Smith, A., 3A West St., Rugby; Smith, E., 1 Derby Rd., Salford; Bristol; Smith, H., care of Ellis, Boot Stores, High Wycombe, W. H., 14 Marsh Rd., Knowl, Bristol; Trevelyan, I., 18 Ebberton Tce., Clyde Pl., Leeds; Trotter, J. J., 50 Somerside Place, Leith; Vere, L., East Coker, near Yeovil; Walker, F., Myton Lodge, Warwick; Watts, T. G., 49 Gower Rd., Worcester; Webb, L. E., 24 St. Patrick's Rd., Coventry; Wells, R., 67 Industry Rd., Darnall, Sheffield; Whalley, H., Sunnyside Hill, Grove, Hendford Hill, Yeovil; White, J., Nunsfield Rd., Boreham; Whitworth, J., 4 Birch St., Chester; Manchester; Williams, T., 4 Bevelly, Arthur St., Neath; Woodall, A., 4 Trafalgar Ave., Ladbroke Rd., Baysall Heath, Birmingham; Young, W., 27 Washington Ave., Easton, Bristol.

"Wheeler's First Flight," an amusing aeroplane story, appears in this week's SCOUT.



The Amazing Experience of a Man Who, Without a Single Lesson, Went Up and Controlled a Racing Monoplane.

By HARRY EDWARDS.

A FLIGHT in an aeroplane, single handed, by a man who has never had the slightest tuition, and had never, in fact, been up in one, is an achievement to be proud of. Yet this is what has really happened to me, and I am alive to tell the tale.

For more than a year I had been a constant attendant at the several aerodromes within easy reach of London, and had got to know quite a lot about flying and machines in general.

I have on hundreds of occasions stood by the side of machines when they were being started and gradually got to know just about how it was done.

Also I am of a very observant nature, and studied the flying of our different pilots.

I was at Hendon one afternoon watching Mr. Gustav Hamel flying, of whom than myself he has no greater admirer, and I have noticed times out of number that when Mr. Hamel is flying he hardly ever uses the warp of his wings to correct the bank of his machine, but seems to control only with the rudder. I have watched him fly for quite a long time, and so far as I could see from the ground he never once used the warp. This set me thinking as to whether a machine really did require the help of warping devices to regain its proper position after a bank, or if it would right itself automatically if given time.

Later in the year, when my cousin and I were enjoying the hospitality of a week's shoot at a friend's house, I ventured to air my views.

It was after dinner on the third day of my visit, and we had all gathered round the fire in the cosy smoke-room, when the conversation turned on flying. My friend, being a man of some wealth and in the possession of a rather fine park, which, though not of great size, was, from the nature of the ground, a splendid place for a private aerodrome, always made it a practice to bring one of his two machines down when staying there so that he could indulge in the sport when the fancy took him.

He had been flying that afternoon for our benefit as well as for his own, and although there was little or no wind I had noticed him busy with the controls, and the conversation leading in this direction, I ventured to tell him of my views on the subject.

"Perhaps you are fool enough to think that you could do it," remarked my friend, and in a moment of heat I replied that I certainly did think so, and offered to fly his machine on the following day if he would lend it for that purpose.

I think we must have all dined rather too well that evening or none of us would have been foolish enough to have gone any farther with it.

When I awoke it was seven o'clock and the sun was shining into my room with a very pleasant warm glow, but by this time much of my enthusiasm had cooled out. However, I determined to chance it.

On arriving at the hangar I found the two mechanics just arrived and taking down the shutters. I explained to them that I was an experienced pilot, and that with my friend's permission I had come to have a little fly round before breakfast.

The mechanics wheeled the machine out and one was testing the amount of petrol in the tank with a piece of stick he had picked up off the ground. I ventured to tell him that it was a very wrong thing to test petrol with a gritty stick, at which he coloured much and seemed to think that I evidently knew more about flying than he had given me credit for, as up to this time he had seemed rather dubious about letting me have the machine out at all. The machine was a racing monoplane with a 80 horse-power Gnome engine, and as I climbed into the cockpit and sat down, it would be well nigh impossible to analyse my feelings.

However, I prepared myself for the ordeal.

One glance ahead, a settling down in the seat, a setting of the teeth, and I raised my hand as a signal to let go. Up went the tail of the machine and she bounded forward as though released from a catapult.

For a few seconds I was lost in the admiration of the novel and exhilarating experience, when, glancing in front I noticed I had covered quite a long distance and that some trees were coming towards me at a terrific rate.

I noticed also that the ground seemed a little

farther off than it was, and that I had not felt the machine touch lately, and realised that I was already off the earth. I pulled the control towards me, and the machine took a bound upwards that nearly dislocated my neck.

I pushed the lever forward slightly, flattened out, and looked down.

The earth was now some fifty feet below me, and as I had got over the first attempt all right I again pulled the lever back, this time not quite so much. Once again the machine responded instantly, and I was well above the trees and leaving the park.

Whether I lost myself for a few moments just here, or whether in trying to get my feet to push I had unconsciously used the control lever as a fulcrum, and so pulled it back towards me, I do not know, but I suddenly became conscious that the speed of the machine had decreased, and that I was climbing at a terrific angle. There is no doubt that at that moment I came within measurable distance of performing a tail slide back to earth, in which case my journey would not have ended so happily as it did.

In the excitement of the moment I pushed the lever hard down with one hand and opened the throttle full out with the other. The machine seemed to kick up behind like a racehorse and prepare to stand on its head, and before I knew quite what had happened I was rushing down towards earth at an angle of 45 degrees with the engine going all out.

Luckily I kept my presence of mind, and slowly pulled the control back towards me, ever so little at a time; the machine gradually flattened out, and once more I was on an even keel.

The performing of these little manoeuvres had taken some few seconds, and looking down I saw that I was over strange country. It became evident to me that I could not fly on in one direction till the crack of doom, and that turn I must. I knew I must not try to turn without diving slightly so I pushed the lever gently forward till I could feel the machine dip, and then choosing a left-hand turn which I knew to be easier I very gingerly pushed my left foot forward.

At first nothing seemed to happen, and so I pushed still more, and continued to push.

The machine now came rapidly round to the left and heeled over to what seemed to me an alarming extent. At this moment all my ideas about the use of warping devices were thrown to the wind. I released the pressure of my foot on the rudder bar, and pulled the warping lever upward, and hard over to the right, and breathed again as the machine flattened out.

I now had a chance to look about me, and almost in front but slightly to the left I could see the house looking very small indeed, so pointing the head of the machine towards the spot I pushed the elevator slightly down, half closed the throttle, and commenced to glide down.

The ground came up to meet me at a terrible speed, and I looked like digging her nose into the earth, so I closed the throttle quite up and flattened out.

We hit the ground with somewhat of a bump and bounded up again, this time rather higher than we were before, and came down with a crash.

As I climbed out of the wreckage a group of men came running towards me, amongst them my friend. He had arrived on the ground only just too late to prevent me starting, and had seen the whole flight.

"Tom," he said, "you are the biggest fool on the face of the earth, and although I am pleased to see you safely back you thoroughly deserve at this moment to be dead."

My flight had lasted just four minutes and I cannot to this day decide whether wing warping is necessary or not, as I turned with and also without it.



Full
of
Long
and
Short
Stories.
—
Price
2d.

DON'T BRIBE THE BOBBY.

Motorists, Shop-Lifters, and West-End Gamblers Often Try the Palm Oil Trick, but it is Not Worth the Candle.

THERE is nothing against giving a policeman a present for services rendered, and in big towns police do earn handsome presents. For instance, two detectives who were instrumental in arresting burglars who broke into a big silversmith's in the City each received a silver watch and fifteen pounds, while a constable was presented with a watch and five pounds.

The detectives, it may be mentioned, only benefited to the extent of three-quarters of these amounts, for it is the custom in the Metropolitan Police to place one-fourth of such presents in a common pool for the benefit of the whole Force.

For such services as keeping an eye on a private house while the owner is away on holiday many a half sovereign is honestly earned by members of the Force, and, indeed, it may be said that there are few occupations in which a man has a better chance of legitimately increasing his salary.

You Can Be Sent to Gaol.

But, quite apart from tips, any London policeman might easily double his income by accepting bribes offered by persons taken into custody. It is a most common thing for a motorist, stopped for driving to the common danger, to try to slip gold into the constable's hand. Only the other day an officer of the Dragoon Guards, stopped for exceeding the speed limit, tried this little game. The only result was that he found himself in court, charged with attempting to bribe a policeman.

Very rightly the law looks upon any attempt to bribe an officer of the law as a very serious offence. It is a conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice, and is punishable not merely by fine, but by imprisonment with hard labour. Or it may be looked upon as dissuading a witness from testifying, which is a misdemeanour.

Shop-lifters are particularly apt to make attempts to bribe policemen. Passing a shop, a London constable saw a woman in the act of concealing some silk about her. When he spoke to her, terrified at exposure, she told him that his silence regarding the theft would be worth fifty pounds to him.

Offered a Bribe of £1,000.

Fifty pounds is a big sum to a man who is earning only about thirty shillings a week. It speaks well for this policeman's sense of duty and for the Force at large that he promptly refused the bribe.

When a gambling club is raided the wealthy players present are one and all wildly anxious that their names shall not be published. On one occasion, a well-known young nobleman, caught in a raid on a West-End baccarat club, offered a thousand pounds down if his name could be kept out of the proceedings. It was, however, duly published with the rest.

To attempt to bribe a policeman is nearly always futile. It is also a wicked thing to do, for if the man is tempted to accept the bribe it naturally leads to his doing the same sort of thing a second time. And sooner or later he will be caught, turned out of the Force with ignominy, and his whole prospects for life entirely ruined.

POSTCARDS GRILLED HERE.

CAN you grill a postcard? If you can't, you ought to learn how. It will save your postcards being read by inquisitive people.

A "grill" is a beautifully simple cipher that is practically impossible for anyone but the sender and the recipient to read. And it has the great advantage of looking perfectly innocent, and not like a cipher at all.

All you do is to take a blank postcard, cut a few oblong holes in it, and place it on top of the postcard you mean to write on. Write your private message in the holes, take off the top card, and then pad the written words round with other words and sentences which will make your postcard read sensibly as a whole.

But the man, or lady, you are writing to knows that the postcard as a whole is merely a blind. To find the real message he, or she, covers the card with an exact duplicate of your "grill," i.e., with a blank card cut into in precisely the same places as the one used by yourself. By putting the "grill" on top of the postcard, the real message is read off at a glance.

It is a safe way of baffling the postcard prying fiend, without even arousing his suspicions.

1st PRIZE	2nd PRIZE	3rd PRIZE	4th PRIZE	5th PRIZE
£250	£50	£10	£10	£10

100 PRIZES OF 10s. EACH.

The adjudication of the attempts in the "Middles" competitions is carried out in such a way that the best lines must win. There is no element of chance. All the entry forms received undergo a preliminary examination by a staff of competent judges, and those lines which show no merit, or which have in any way contravened the rules of the competition, are put aside. The remainder are then again carefully read, and those showing the greatest amount of merit are placed before the Editor, who, in consultation with three responsible members of the staff, finally decides the order of merit. This system keeps a staff of judges continually employed. The method adopted is so thorough and exhaustive that it is quite impossible for any meritorious line to be overlooked. The names and addresses of the competitors are never taken into consideration, and no award is decided arbitrarily on any one opinion. No pains are spared to insure the success of the really best lines.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO.

First of all, choose one of the words or phrases given opposite for "Middles." Then construct a "Middle" of two or three words which shall have some bearing on the chosen word or phrase. The first word of your "Middle" must begin with any one of the letters contained in the word or phrase you choose, and the second and third with any of the letters in the alphabet used either once or twice. For instance, suppose you take the phrase "CLEAN BOWLED." Use, say, the letter "A" as the initial for the first word and, say, "M" and "O" for the second and third, and we get "ANOTHER MAN OUT." Or, using the same phrase "CLEAN BOWLED," we could use the letter "B" as initial for our first word, and, say, "U" for the second word, and we get "BAILS UPSET."

MAKE "MIDDLES" FROM THESE WORDS.

TELL-TALE	CLEAN BOWLED	IVY	A POSER	GRIMACES
THE EARTH	WEALTHY CITY	HURRAH	DELUGE	KEEN CYCLISTS
GOLF BALLS	SUMMER FLOWERS	CUCUMBERS	WHAT ROT	COCONUT-SHED
DISCHARGE	NARROW ESCAPES	CHEESE IT	FOOLHARDY	HAMPSTEAD HEATH
COWS WEEK	LOVE ROMANCE	DONKEY RIDES	TEETOTALER	BORROWED PLUMS
NEW SERIAL	HOLIDAY JAUNTS	JACK JOHNSON	COUNTED OUT	MADAME TULSIE
FILTHY LUCRE	TERRITORIALS' HOLIDAY	SUMMER FÊTES	TIDDLEY-WINKS	DOMESTIC TROUBLES
TOWN CRIERS	SWEET NOTHINGS	VERY BECOMING	HILL CLIMBING	HOLIDAY APARTMENTS

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form or they will be disqualified.
2. Names and addresses must be written in ink in the space provided. Typewriting and black lead pen cannot be accepted.
3. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach to a postal order for expenses, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
4. Mark your envelope "Middles No. 77" in the top left hand corner.
5. All attempts must arrive on or before Tuesday, August 5th.
6. There are two entry forms, or may use one of both. You may write three "Middles" on each. If you use the two entry forms a postal order for postage is sent.
7. Everyone who enters must send a sixpenny postcard for each entry form. The postcard must be payable to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, and must be marked "X" and "A" in the manner shown in the example. The name on the card must be written in the space provided on the entry form. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one entry form the number of the P.O. must be written on each entry form.
8. The first prize of £250 will be awarded to the sender of the "Middle" considered to be the best by the adjudicators. By whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are two or more of the same "Middle" the prize will be divided amongst all such senders.
9. Other prizes will be awarded by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts are successful.
10. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-receipt of any attempt submitted.
11. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and no names will be mentioned.
12. The published decision is final, and complaint is not entertained on the understanding of the rules.

THE RESULT OF "MIDDLES" No. 74
APPEARS ON PAGE 166.

This Insurance Scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland.

OVER £13,000 ALREADY PAID

We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£2,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING
£100 AEROPLANE

INSURANCE.
(For terms see below.)

506 CLAIMS ALREADY PAID,
including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

The Insurance Scheme covers any person killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the person or person in which the deceased was travelling as a passenger (including post office servants in railway vans, etc.) at the time of such accident, had in his or her possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his or her usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his or her place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within seven days of its occurrence.

In the event of a person, not being a railway servant or post office servant, being injured in an accident, or killed, during the current number of *Pearson's Weekly*, or killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by

an accident, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 41 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding an ordinary cycle, provided that he died at the time of such accident had in his or her possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his or her usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his or her place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of anyone dying as the direct and sole result of injuries inflicted upon him (or her) within the United Kingdom by a falling aeroplane, provided that death occurs within twenty-four hours from the receipt of the injuries, that he (or she) shall prior to the accident have signed this Coupon Insurance Ticket in the space provided at the foot that he (or she) shall not at the time be in the aeroplane nor engaged in aerobatics, and that notice of the accident be given to the Corporation within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of an 11s. subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 4.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Insurance Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve months' subscription for *PEARSON'S WEEKLY* in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature

Available from 9 a.m. Monday, July 28th, 1913, until Monday, August 11th, 1913.

Your Summer Holiday

Burglar's Opportunity

THEREFORE INSURE

Against the Risks of

**BURGLARY,
HOUSEBREAKING,
LARCENY**

and THEFT with

The OCEAN

Accident & Guarantee Corporation Limited
MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

LADIES

should watch the London

Daily Express

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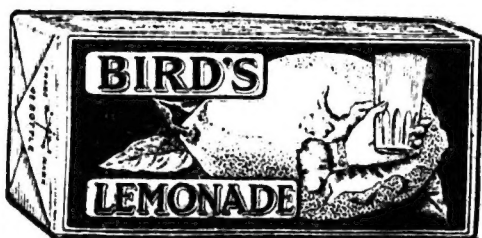
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